

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME II.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1906.

NUMBER 37

Anonymous Writer in The Daddyless Herald And a Few Comments on Same Just For the Fun of It.

WANTED!—The daddy of the "Nelson County Herald!"
Reward!
Don't kill it!
Ketch it!

We have received a copy of the "Nelson County Herald"—indeed we have received several copies. Our friends over in Nelson have been good to us—they have been sending the Herald to us by every mail, sometimes three or four copies to the mail.

Much obliged!

In newspaper language, the Herald is five col., four pages. Amongst the instructive matter in the Herald we find an article on the third page entitled: "The History of Policeman Flynn." This is an illustrated story. A policeman has a "billie" in one hand and a "Johnnie" in the other hand. "Johnnie" appears to be drunk. On the eighth page is another instructive, illustrated article upon the subject of "Serpents." The snake looks dangerous. Now's your chance to "see snakes." The people of Nelson and Washington counties are doubtless very grateful to the anonymous management of the daddyless Herald for this highly entertaining, and very ably-prepared article, upon the subject of "snakes." A "snake article" just at this time is not out of place. The Herald printed the picture of the snake we presume in order to accustom the boys to reptiles—to keep them from "shying" when they "behold coiled serpents in the depths of the wine cup." Really, the snake story is printed in the right place—at the right time.

On the front page is an article headed: "Unstable Arguments. To the voters of Washington and Nelson Counties, and to Mr. Rogers Gore." The article is unsigned—it is daddyless, and, unlike the snake story on the fourth page, it neither has "head nor tail"; it is not illustrated; therefore, you can't learn anything from it. What a pity they didn't illustrate it with a snake! Or a policeman! Or a jail! Or an alms house! Or a scaffold! Or a hangman's noose!

Or a broken-hearted woman, a hungry child, a wrecked home! What a pity they didn't illustrate this article!

About all that can be gathered from the story is that the writer is an advocate of booze—and it ought to have been illustrated so that its meaning would have been plainer.

What a pity!

A picture of hell would have helped it out some, don't you think?

But we presume the illustration was overlooked. Mistakes of this nature occur often in a printing office.

Once upon a time we wrote an editorial upon the subject of "anonymous writers." We intended to illustrate it with a picture of Judas Iscariot, but through mistake the printer put a picture of an ass where Judas ought to have been, and we had to let it go at that!

It was simply a mistake; we didn't intend to cast reflections upon the unfortunate ass by connecting it, in this manner, with anonymous writers.

And we are quite sure the Herald omitted the picture for the front page article through mistake.

You have seen ridiculous mistakes like that in newspapers before, haven't you?

It's a pity—it's a pity that this leathery article in the Daddyless Herald was made nonsensical—absolutely silly, by the omission of a picture.

It's a pity!

In the article referred to above—the first page article—the pictureless article in the Daddyless Herald—the anonymous writer takes exception—at least that's the way we size it up, at a statement we made in our issue of July 25, about Bishop Potter's "church saloon." The anonymous writer in the Daddyless Herald quotes the following from The Sun:

"It will be remembered that Bishop Potter originated the idea and carried into practice the 'church saloon,' which soon became the most notoriously infamous hell-hole in all New York. It grew to be so tough that the police of the great, wicked city of New York were compelled to raid it and close its doors within a very brief period after it was opened. It became the rendezvous of the city's meanest criminal, the

home of indecent women and the abode of all of those elements which inject into the very atmosphere a poison pollution, and placed within reach of every boy and every girl in New York this every visitor to the city that thing which reduces good society to indecency. This is just a brief story of Bishop Potter's 'church saloon.' It would require a volume to tell the whole story, for within the walls of that place every crime in the calendar of crimes was committed. As to Bishop Potter's sincerity and honesty in establishing this 'church saloon' we withhold an expression. He may have honestly believed that he could conduct a saloon as a Sunday school should be conducted, but the events which so quickly transpired proved very conclusively that Bishop Potter's bright dream of a 'sacred hall' soon became a sickening nightmare. Everybody remembers that this barroom was opened with prayer and song service, but the last appeal from the lips of the preacher and the beautiful strains of the song were hardly finished ere the maggot of debauchery began to worm its way through Bishop Potter's church saloon."

"Now, Mr. Rogers Gore, the writer has been to the Subway Tavern, and knows its history and he knows that your statements in regard to it are absolutely false and purposely misleading."

But, anonymous writer in the Daddyless Herald, why didn't you point out to your readers where my statements are "absolutely false and purposely misleading?"

You simply "assert," you don't "prove."

Possibly the omitted picture destroys the sense.

The mere fact that you at one time visited Bishop Potter's Subway Tavern does not prove, Sir, that it was not unrighteous, and unholly; it does not prove, Sir, that Bishop Potter's "church saloon" was not one of the most notoriously infamous hell-holes in all New York, and the rendezvous of the city's meanest criminals. Ah, no!

The fact, Sir, that you, an anonymous writer in a daddyless paper, visited Bishop Potter's "church saloon," the home of indecent women, does not, by any means, prove that my statements are false and misleading.

You must come forward with stronger evidence.

But this anonymous writer in the Daddyless Herald, has a few serious sentences in his article, and among them are these words, purloined from the Address issued by the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers Association at its meeting in Louisville recently:

"The saloon of the future must correspond with the beer gardens and

cafes of Europe—that is, they must be resorts where a man may take his wife and children and meet his friends in social intercourse."

We recently had something to say upon this subject, but it is such a serious matter that a repetition will do no harm. What would you think, dear reader, if a man should invite your wife and children into a barroom—what would you do? What do you think, dear reader, of an arguement like that? How would you like to see this plan carried into effect? And how would you like to pass down the street and see your wife, and your daughters, and your little children sitting in a barroom drinking butt-head-booze? Wouldn't the picture turn you against the world? Wouldn't you cry out from the depths of your soul for the return of our missionaries from heathen lands to work among our own beloved American people?

Our wives and daughters in a barroom!

Great God, help us to forget the suggestion!

The very idea itself is repulsive. And don't you believe that the time has come for the people to call a halt! When the national leaders of the whisky traffic advocate such steps; and when it is taken up and advocated by the lesser lights throughout the country, don't you believe, dear reader, that the time is ripe for reform?

Certainly you do!

And we are going to have Reform!

Again, copying from the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers Address the anonymous writer in the daddyless paper says:

"The fame of Kentucky whisky is world wide in extent and the product of our distilleries is carrying laughter and sunshine into millions of homes and it is giving courage to those who are faltering—strength to those who are weak—health to those who are sick. Of course, some people abuse it, Mr. Gore, but it's a blessing to mankind all the same and it is recognized as a blessing by the prohibitionists just the same as by those who believe in personal liberty."

As to the first words of the writer he and the editor of The Sun agree. We do not dispute that the fame of Kentucky whisky is world-wide. But we most emphatically deny that the "product of our distilleries is carrying laughter and sunshine into millions of homes."

We most emphatically deny!

For upon either bank of the stream of life we have seen with our own eyes that gigantic monster, Alcohol, tear from the moorings the crafts of many happy families, and dash them relentlessly and unmercifully out among the breakers and the rocks, and we have heard with our own ears the heart-rending cries of mothers and the distressing wails of hungry children.

And we have seen the product of our Kentucky distilleries blight out the sunshine of many a Kentucky home and leave a great, dark shadow across the threshold.

But we have never seen, nor have we ever heard of an instance where it brought laughter and sunshine into a home.

We deny that it gives courage to those who are weak and health to those who are sick for statistics prove that about 50 per cent. of the disease of this country is due to the use of intoxicating beverages.

But we agree with you that SOME people abuse it.

Some several millions of our fellow-citizens abuse it.

"Abuse" it daily.

"Abuse" it nightly.

And then they go home and "abuse" their wives and children.

But to cap the climax of infamy this anonymous writer in a daddyless paper brings the Lowly Nazarine—our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—him who perished upon the Cross of Calvary—into his article and places him in the role of a distiller.

This is startling!

And every man—be he for or against the sale of whisky in Nelson and Washington counties, should resent this bit of brazenry—this terrible accusation against him, who so loved the world that He gave His life a ransom that you, and I, and all the earth—the anonymous writer in the daddyless paper included—might not perish, but have life eternal.

Shame!

It's a terrible thing to hold the

Savior of man up in such a light!

It's a terrible thing!

It's worse than infidelity! Because the existence of a Savior is admitted, and then His name is blasphemed.

Let us remember!

And in the sacred stillness of the voting booth, where none but the eye of a Great God is upon us, let us VOTE!

VOTE RIGHT!

We care naught for what the anonymous writer in the daddyless paper said about the editor of The Sun. To this we shall make no reply. As to the charges he brings against "prohibitionists," we shall have no comment.

But in regard to his assertions about the conditions in Iowa, Kansas, Maine, etc., we want to simply say that "Mr. Rogers Gore has never wandered very far from home and he simply doesn't know." But "Mr. Rogers Gore" has been in Campbellsburg, Glasgow, Danville, Franklin, Hodgenville and a dozen other local towns in Kentucky, and "Mr. Rogers Gore" knows that the people in these towns are happy over the conditions existing since barrooms were voted out.

(You are referred to our files of recent dates.)

And they will never be voted in again!

Set that down!

Write it indelibly!

What care we about Kansas?

And what interest have we in Maine?

Both are a long ways from Kentucky.

But it's not far to Campbellsburg.

Hodgenville is just a stone's throw "down the pike," and Glasgow is just a little "further on."

Go to any of these towns, dear Old Anonymous, ask any of the leading business men what local option has done for their town, and then print the answers in the next issue of the Daddyless Herald.

That's the way to go to the bottom of this matter.

That's the way to settle the question.

If we should go to Maine we wouldn't get back in time to vote.

And we might get sea sick.

ROGERS GORE.

An Appeal to Old Pupils By a Former Washington County Teacher.

Boston, Ky., August 7, 1906.—Editor Sun:—I have read the last few issues of The Sun with profound pleasure, and have watched your earnest and noble fight for local option with unusual interest.

A county paper that takes such a decided stand for truth, purity and justice deserves a circulation of a hundred thousand.

Our county is now undergoing the same struggle for the banishment of the saloon and its direful consequences that yours is.

Your paper at present has a circulation in our county of fourteen hundred subscriptions, and we are watching with eager interest the progress and final outcome of your struggle. We are hoping and praying that the fond

hopes of you and the noble hearted men and women who are so earnestly, and faithfully laboring and praying for the successful overthrow of this awful curse upon the financial, intellectual and moral progress of you people may be crowned with a success that will gladden the hearts and homes of Washington county for generations to come.

I love Washington county. Thirty years ago, I entered her borders as "Ye Pedagogue," and spent four years there trying to teach "the young idea how to shoot."

Upon her soil I entered into a life partnership with one of her fair daughters. Many of her girls and boys doubtless still remember me as your teacher, and I now appeal to those boys, who have since grown to manhood, and in whom I still feel a deep interest, to stand for the right, cast your votes against that which stands as a menace

to your children and threatens the destruction of your posterity, and they will rise up in after years and call you blessed.

And I trust that on the morning of the 30th of August, after the smoke of battle has cleared away, that the good news of victory will be heralded throughout the State, and that the hearts of the good people of Washington county may be attuned as never before to a realization of the sacredness of these beautiful words: "The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky Home." And as the sun of hope rises in his majesty and scatters the mist from over her former darkened homes, remember that the first day of September, that the good people of Nelson county will turn their artillery of blows against this awful curse in an attempt to lift the gloomy veil that has so long hung like a pall over so many dark and saddened homes. And as your brave generals and valiant soldiers bask in the sunshine of future hope, don't fail to listen and to heed the Macedonian call "Come over and help us cry."

And as sister counties, we will join heart and hand and rejoice together in the future brightness that lies before us.

Yours for victory,
S. E. HANCOCK.

A Death-Trap to Remove Will You Join With Who Will Remove It?

Not long since in an eastern city, a workman stepped from a tenth story window upon a scaffold; immediately a crash was heard and the man was hurled to the street, and was taken up dead. And what made it more horrible, it was found that the scaffold had been tampered with by some murderous demon, whose purpose was to make it a death-trap. It is not strange that the people were intensely enraged when the plot was known. They said it was a hideous crime.

Yet, in that same city the same kind of death-trap is daily doing its deadly work and the same people raise no protest. Thousands are being caught in these death-traps daily, and without mercy are hurled down to poverty, disgrace, crime and death. Who must bear the blame for these death-traps? Must I say the saloon men? No not alone. Who then is responsible? I answer the legislator who made the law

that permits such a thing to exist

guilty. And again the people whose votes elected the lawmaker, the individual voters, will be responsible in the day of accounts. The leaders of the people, those who are making public sentiment, are guilty if they have not spoken out clearly against the saloon. The ministers of religion who see this death-trap and does not sound the note of warning is guilty of the blood of the victims of this unholy traffic. The press that powerful maker of public opinion, is likewise guilty if it has not spoken on this question in unmistakable terms. No man can say I will have nothing to do with this question. Could a man stand by and see the murderous death-trap planned and set and see his fellow-man step upon it only to plunge to death, and yet make no effort to save or warn him? If so, is he not guilty of that man's blood? Is there a place for neutrality here? Brother, everything in

your better nature says, no. Your reason and your conscience say, no. God, your maker, says, no. "Thy brother's blood crieth from the ground."

Therefore lay this upon the conscience of every voter in Hardin county. Hear the voice of the blood that cries out to exist in Elizabethtown in the coming year, and if there be murders, crimes and shameful deeds, and there will be, then all these murders, all these crimes, all the foul and shameful and nameless deeds, and all the sorrow and heart-aches, that shall come as a result of the saloon, shall be laid upon you, if you fail to do your part in this effort to put the traffic out of our county. It is a testing time. A pure, conscientious every man to do his duty today. I call to the nobles instinct within and the environments without, to the love and influence of those that make life worth living, and by Him who loves and redeems—all these I call you, noblemen, to remember that you are expected to do your part in this effort to save and uplift your fellowmen. Truly and sincerely,
R. G. Kimble.

The Garden of Oaks

A True Story of the Loss of a Magnificent Farm, the Destruction of a Home, and the Killing of a Man in a Barroom in a Western Kentucky Town.

Here is a story—a true story!

It's what some of our whisky friends are pleased to call "sentimental rot." Nevertheless we print the story because it's true.

CHAPTER I.

"I must call a halt—I must tighten the reins a little, or I'll gallop into it before I have reached the twenty-third mile-post upon life's highway," said Jim C— to a companion as they leisurely strolled down the street of a little town in Western Kentucky in April, in the year 18—.

"What's the matter with you?" his companion asked.

"What's the matter with me? What's the matter? I have been an inebriate since I was eighteen years old, and, while I have managed to hold myself up in a social way, nobody knows better than I myself that I have arrived at that stage in the tragedy I have been playing where I am recognized as 'one of the sons of the town,' and I must call a halt, if not for my own sake, then for the sake of my mother, for the sake of the father who has educated me, and for the sake of the dear girl who has loved me since we were children at school."

"But how are you going to bring about this reform?" his companion asked. "You have often tried and each time you have gone back to old paths and old ways. What are your plans now? Are you contemplating Keeley?" the companion sarcastically asked.

"Not at all, Keeley! But I am going away somewhere; away from this place, away from old companions and old haunts; I am going to run away from the temptations that are around me."

"But," said Joe (that was the companion's name) "probably that would be like jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. You know, Jim, everywhere you go temptations present themselves, and then, too, in a strange place you would be lonely and would drink the harder."

"I don't agree with you, Joe. Temptations are greater in some places than others, and I am convinced that my condition could not be made worse by a change of location. Here we have a barroom on every corner, and to these I charge my downfall. I seldom pass one without stopping for a drink, and I am going to a place that's 'dry.' I have in my pocket a letter from a friend down in Mississippi offering me a place on his plantation, near the little town of B—, and I have about decided to accept. I think seclusion, oblivion, or whatever, you are pleased to term it, will be the best thing for me for a year or two. And I shall see Fannie to-morrow and tell her of my plans." (Fannie was his sweetheart.)

"Go ahead, but you'll find temptations there. Mark my word, you'll do no better."

"You are encouraging, to say the least," replied Jim—"but let's go in here and get a 'night cap.'"

CHAPTER II.

Fannie W— lived with her parents on a farm, whose fertile acres extended into the town's limits. The old brick mansion, with its great colonial porches, and its beautiful wall vines, attracted the eye of every stranger and made him wish for "just such a home." The farm was called the "Garden of Oaks." Surrounding the stately old dwelling were many of these monarchs of the forest, which, in the primitive days the woodman spared. Around the north boundary of the farm, hardly a stone's throw away, meandered the beautiful Ohio, while to the south was an hundred-acre woodland pasture, where the great herds of Capt. W— made flash for the markets of the country. To the east was the old Louisville pike, running, now, along the banks of the river, now through a woodland, and on and on it seemed "anywhere you wanted to go." The old negroes of the community thought it was the road to

London. Just at the foot of the hill, in one of the beautiful valleys of the Ohio nestled the little town of C—. And here, dear reader, the sickening scenes of this tragic story were enacted less than twenty years ago. Every stranger who visits this little city—if he stays over night—will have the details of the narrative poured into his ears.

C— is not an ugly town, neither is it a pretty town—just one of those places where a man or a woman might live and be satisfied, and at the same time not be delighted with all things. In some sections of the town the "pavements" are of boards, in other sections the "city dads" have placed "stepping stones," while on Main street are nice brick pavements, with an occasional yard or so of concrete. Some of the residences are modern, but the most of them have that pretty "old-time" about them, which carries the memory of man back to the good old days when dear grandfathers and grandmothers "lived there." The churches are nice and commodious, but the school house is just about "passable," while the court house is the pride of all the county. Indeed, there is much quaintness about the old town, but here and there you will find signs of progressiveness. After you have been there a while you become interested. To save your life you couldn't tell why, but when you leave you will say to yourself: "Some day I must come back again." The people are not rich, but, generally speaking, they are "good livers" and are honorable and honest to a pretty degree. If there is one thing above all others that C— people are proud of it is the fact that they have no broken-down aristocracy among their ranks.

And this is a brief description of the town that Jim C— and Fannie W— "grew up" in.

CHAPTER III.

Jim C— was the son of well-to-do parents. His father was the leading merchant of the town, and his mother was one of those pretty Christian characters that all people loved and admired. Jim was the only child and they had humored him—supplied his ever child's want, and at an early age sent him to college at Lexington, Ky., where he graduated at the head of his class. He was a manly fellow—handsome, bold and courageous—a fine horseman, a good athlete, and, indeed, he was a fine specimen of young manhood.

Fannie W— was the recognized belle of the whole country. She had finished her education at Vassar, and brought home with her the music and art medals of the institution. She, too, was an athlete. Nothing pleased her better than a horseback ride along the banks of the Ohio. She was gentle-hearted, pure-minded and gentle, but was brave and daring. She would ride alone, and she would ride with a crowd of admirers. She was one of those delightful characters—admired by all men and loved by many. But she and Jim had loved each other since the day he crowned her "Queen of the May" in childhood's morning, many summers ago, and she had hundreds of times promised him that her heart was his till death kissed her eyelids down.

And after she had made the terrible discovery that Jim was wrecking his life, that he was unworthy of the love of any true woman, she loved him still and tried to her utmost to reform him. But the demon of drink had coiled itself about his being and, although he tried hard to throw it off, his efforts proved dismal failures. His companions tempted him, and, keeping her in the town, was one of those mean individuals who "sets his traps" daily. One day he invited Jim in to try a "new drink," and Jim knelt down and drank, and the dastardly coward tried again and Jim drank the "new drink." And then another season of debauchery followed.

London. Just at the foot of the hill, in one of the beautiful valleys of the Ohio nestled the little town of C—. And here, dear reader, the sickening scenes of this tragic story were enacted less than twenty years ago. Every stranger who visits this little city—if he stays over night—will have the details of the narrative poured into his ears.

CHAPTER IV.

Jim C— did not go to the home of his sweetheart on the following morning, as he had previously announced and had intended doing, but he busied himself making preparations to leave for Mississippi the next morning.

Late in the afternoon—about dusk—Jim found Fannie waiting for him at the Garden of Oaks, down by the "Gate of Wild Roses"—a gate o'er the arch of which he and she when children had trained a wild rose vine. And she said in her childish happiness: "When the vine grows, and the roses bloom, and the stars come out, some night in May we will be married beneath this arch of Purity." And then he said: "And I will place upon your brow a cluster of wild roses, and then you and I will grasp the wild rose vine and thus we will hear the preacher say the ceremony, linking our lives and destinies—and then we will be happier than the 'Little Songsters.'"

"Fannie, let's stroll to the banks of the river," said Jim; "I want to talk to you about a matter important to both of us."

It was some minutes before he spoke again, and when he did his first words were:

"I am going away to-morrow; I am going to Mississippi."

Fannie did not seem surprised; in fact it seemed to Jim that she was indifferent, and a jealous pang had already darted through his heart, but the words that followed relieved him of the sting, for Fannie said:

"Jim, take me with you as your wife."

Tears came into the boy's eyes and it was with difficulty that he said:

"Fannie, I think too much of you to marry you now. You know, my dear girl, that I am a drunkard. When I reform we will marry. Not until then Down in Mississippi these temptations will be far from me and I will be a better man. I promise you, my sweetheart, that I will try to my uttermost to destroy this awful appetite for alcoholic beverages. And I believe through the memory of you, the prayers of a Christian mother, and the help of a good God I will conquer the fiend."

"Jim," said Fannie, with a quiver in her voice, "go, but the separation is terrible—and I will be so lonesome. The rippling of the old Ohio, to whose music we have listened for so many years, will be as funeral knells, and all the world will be dreary till you come to me again in the 'Garden of the Oaks.'"

And thus they talked.

The chill breezes of the April evening began to blow, and the ardent lovers, stepping close to the water's edge, looked longingly out upon the placid bosom of the beautiful river. A steamboat was plowing the waves near the Indiana shore, and save this evidence of life, the old world looked deathly to the young lovers.

"Ah, Fannie, I believe it would be better for those who love me, better for the world around me, if I were this minute in death's embrace beneath these beautiful waters."

"But—Oh, Jim, I am chilled—let's go away from the river—let's go to the 'Garden of Oaks.'"

And o'er the oft-trod path through the little meadow they strolled back to the "Garden of Oaks" to kiss goodbye beneath the arch of the "Gate of Wild Roses."

Fannie did not say good-bye, but instead she murmured:

"I know you will—I know you will quit drinking."

"I swear I will; I swear before heaven I will never touch another drop." And thus they parted.

CHAPTER V.

On the following morning Jim boarded the train for Louisville, and in the evening of the same day he left for his new home in Mississippi. His heart was heavy, but he was convinced that he was taking the right step. He felt that to remain in his native town would ultimately result in his ruin, and, as the temptation could not be removed from him he decided to remove himself from the temptation.

There is nothing of interest to tell of his trip to Mississippi. He arrived in due time and was royally welcomed by his friend and wife, who at once began to throw around him those home comforts, which all of us know are blessings to a homesick fellow. He was given employment as a bookkeeper for the plantation, and was supplied with all the luxuries of a rich planter. A week passed—and the longest Jim had ever experienced—and more than once he was homesick to the point of boarding a train for Kentucky, but each time, the old life at home loomed up before him in its most terrible vividness and he simply said: "Never! I must not return until I have conquered my appetite!"

Fannie's letters came often; they gave him new life—new hope—determination. His mother's letters, too, were full of inspiration, and, upon these encouraging missives from sweet heart and mother the boy built his hope for the future.

The weeks and months dragged slowly away, and the winter months—dreary months; the rainy season "set in," and the days were dreary. But Jim was encouraged; the old appetite was leaving him. At times he craved a stimulant, but the barroom was not "handy" to him and he fought the desire off. Each day he felt that he had won a new victory over "appetite."

He was becoming happy, and he wrote to Fannie, "the victory is nearly won."

One day a letter came from Fannie announcing that the people of C— had petitioned the court to call a local option election, and she added, "we are going to vote the saloon out; then, Jim, you must come home." He was pleased—he was happy. He wrote back home to old friends begging them to assist in routing the barroom, and he received many encouraging letters from old chums and friends saying that they were in the battle, and expected to vote for local option. The election was to be held in March. Jim was impatient for the day to come, for the result of this election would determine whether or not he was to return home.

The day before the election Jim went to a telegraph office and sent this message to a dozen old friends: "Vote for me—vote against the barroom." Among his old friends receiving the above message was Joe T—. Upon the receipt of the message Joe sent the following to Jim: "Take Keeley, and attend to your own business. I'll not vote any man's 'rights' away."

On the following day—late in the evening, Jim received another telegram. It was as follows:

"Local option has carried by a majority of 61. Fannie."

It is needless to say that the ex-liver was happy. That night, upon his knees he thanked God Almighty for the victory.

On the 15th of May the last barroom in the town closed its doors. On the 18th of May Jim kissed Fannie under the arch of the "Gate of Wild Roses." And they were happier than they had ever been before. They strolled over to the banks of the old Ohio.

Hand in hand, looking out over the crystal waters, they renewed the courtship and told each other of an undying love.

On the 30th of May, beneath the arch of the "Gate of Wild Roses," each grasping the wild rose vine, Rev. M— pronounced the ceremony, linking together the destinies of these two lovers.

CHAPTER VI.

Fannie's mother had been dead for many years, and she and Jim "kept house" for her father at the "Garden of Oaks."

A year passed away on fleeting wings. The town of C— began to boom. A spinning factory from Indiana moved to C—, bringing with it fifty men. A little later a stove factory came bringing another lot of employees. And the people were beginning to be proud of the town.

To Jim and Fannie a baby girl was born. And she was the queen of the "Garden of Oaks."

Capt. W— gave Jim charge of his large interests and he managed the business in a way that added to the Captain's fortune.

It had now been three years since the barroom was voted out, and the whisky advocates of the town petitioned the court for an election. The election was called, the vote was taken and the result was three majority for "whisky." The factory hands did the work. They wanted "their beer."

In due time the barrooms were opened. Rands played, free concerts were given and the debauch was inaugurated in earnest. The people of C— had never before witnessed anything just like it. Men and boys were drunk and the night was made hideous by profane swearing and uncharitably yelling.

Joe T— opened a saloon. He called it "The Resort," and he at once began to entice young boys to his place. He employed a "string band" for a few weeks. He sent his lieutenants out "drumming" trade. He, advertised "new" drinks, and, indeed, he resorted to every imaginable scheme to get his place "started off right," as he termed it.

"Well," said Jim one day—a year after the barrooms had been re-opened—"I guess, Fannie, I will have to take the middle of the road for it now."

"Why?" asked Fannie.

"They've opened a barroom on my side of the street and they are now on all sides; they've got me hemmed in. Not once since the saloons were opened, have I passed the door of a barroom. Occasionally the old thirst for drink tears at my very soul, and its hard to subdue the demon."

"Oh, Jim, don't tell me that! don't tell me that there is danger! Let's go away! Let's go away from the temptation."

"There is no danger Fannie," he assured her. "I will never drink again. I will drown myself in the Ohio first."

CHAPTER VII.

Fannie's father died. It was in February. A short time after a baby boy was born to her. Capt. W— had left his large estate to his daughter, and Jim was now the real proprietor of the beautiful "Garden of Oaks."

Two years had gone since the barroom opened, and the town had, in a manner accustomed itself to them again.

One morning, in July, Jim was thrown from a spirited horse. (He always claimed that the animal had been stung in the flank by some kind of an insect, as it flinched two or three times and then threw him, ere he was hardly aware that anything was wrong.) His head struck the curb in front of Joe T—"Resort." Some men carried him into the place, and, while he was in an unconscious state Joe poured through his purple lips a glass of brandy. In a short time he came to himself. His first words were: "My God, who did that?" "Your horse threw you," they told him. "I know, I know, but who gave me that stimulant!" In his half-conscious condition he swore to kill the man who had given it to him.

He was taken home. His condition became serious. It was found necessary to remove from his brain a blood clot. The physicians had given him opiates during, and following, the operation.

When he was pronounced out of danger, he called Fannie to his bedside and said to her: "I guess it will be necessary for me to go to Mississippi again. Oh, that awful desire, that terrible appetite is gnawing at my very soul!"

Fannie was miserable, for she could foretell the life that was before her.

One morning, the last of April, Jim drove into town. At noon he did not return. Late in the evening he came home. Fannie met him beneath the arch of the "Gate of Wild Roses." He was drunk!

It is not necessary for the writer to undertake to describe the horror which entered into the soul of the loving wife. From that day her life was miserable. Jim continued to drink—each day a little harder.

CHAPTER VIII.

Three more years passed by. The "Garden of Oaks" was not the same

place. The fences were down, the fields were neglected, and little by little the stock had been sold.

One day the sheriff came and read a notice to Fannie. He explained to her that she must leave, that the "Garden of Oaks" had been sold to Joe T— (Jim had not only drunk, but he had gambled.)

All of the old time mahogany furniture of Fannie's mother went with the place, and she, her little girl and baby boy were turned out penniless.

Fannie rented a small cottage in town. Jim's father furnished it with neat, but not costly furniture, for he, too, had met with financial reverses. She earned a comfortable sustenance for herself and little family by teaching music and giving lessons in art. And thus for another year they lived. Jim, although never sober, seldom abused Fannie, or the little ones. He was not often at home. But with all of his debauchery Fannie loved him. Many, many cold, winter nights had she gone alone and brought him home. For she had loved him—loved him ardently since he crowned her Queen of the May so many long years before.

The little girl (Fannie was her name—Jim christened her for the mother) was stricken with scarlet fever. For a few days Jim did not drink so heavily. The child grew worse, and the doctor told Jim one morning that she could not survive the day. Jim remained by her bedside all the morning, but, in the afternoon he left. In the evening he did not return. Little Fannie—just as the stars were coming out—went away on the winds of the evening to the Courts of God. A messenger was sent for the father, but he could not be found. Some one went into Joe T— barroom and made inquiry. He was not there, but Joe said he remembered seeing Jim pass through the "Garden of Oaks" toward the river about supper time. A number of men went to the river to look for him. Through the dark starlight they saw a man standing near the water's edge watching a boat pull the waves on the Indiana shore. Creeping a little closer to the man they heard him say: "It would have been better for those who love me, and for the world I live in had I buried myself beneath the waves of the Ohio many years ago. God forgive me, and goodbye Fannie," but the sentence was not completed, for a strong arm grabbed him and threw him away from the water. Jim laughed—it was a silly ha ha! He told his rescuers that he never intended to be so rash, and readily consented to walk with the crowd back to town.

He was told of Little Fannie's death, but he seemed unaffected.

In town he stopped at Joe T— barroom. He called for a drink, then another, and another. When the last glass had been drained, he stepped back a few feet from the counter, pulled a revolver from his pocket and fired a bullet through the brain of Joe T—. People rushed into the place by the score; Jim, with the smoking pistol in his hand, walked leisurely out of the room and directed his footsteps toward his home, where, lovingly awaiting his coming was a heart-broken woman bending o'er the cold body of little Fannie. When he opened the door and went into the room Fannie simply said: "Jim, our little girl is dead!" And then, like a maddened demon he raved. He cursed the world, and the God who gave him birth. His eyes flashed in their sockets like balls of fire, and in an instant he jerked the pistol from his pocket and emptied the contents through the ceiling.

In another moment the door was pushed abruptly open and the sheriff entered. Over the prostrate form of a devoted wife and the dead body of his little daughter Jim C— was placed in irons charged with the murder of Joe T—.

And Jim C— was put in prison that night with the charge of murder registered against him.

CHAPTER IX.

It would require too much space for us to detail the horrors—the intense sufferings, which came into Fannie's cottage home after this terrible catastrophe. It seemed that her misery was complete, but now—the picture can not be drawn.

Nervous prostration followed and for weeks it was thought she could not recover. During those moments

when the fever was burning it seemed the flickering flame of life away—she would smile and say: "And one night in May, when the stars are out we will be married beneath the arch of the 'Gate of Roses' in the 'Garden of Oaks,'" and then, again, she would say: "Yes, Jim, kiss me good-bye and go away from the temptation! Go to Mississippi and conquer the demon!"

At his examining trial Jim was held without bond and remanded to jail. In the meantime his wife, though very frail and weak, was considered by the physician on the road to recovery. Each day she went to see the husband, carrying with her a bunch of wild roses. Poor Jim tried to be cheerful when she was there. He would invariably say to her: "I am away from the temptations now, Fannie. But, my God, the disgrace of this! Can't you take our boy away? Can't you to another world?" But she firmly answered: "I will stay with you, Jim!"

Circuit court met in October—Jim was indicted for murder in the first degree.

Both the defense and Commonwealth announced ready and, after two days of scouring the country a jury was empaneled and the trial begun.

The wife and little son sat close to the prisoner and his attorney. Jim's lawyer was an old friend of Fannie's father; he had volunteered his services. He had been a power in his day, but now he was in his eightieth year, and while he was yet recognized as an able criminal lawyer, of course, he had lost much of his former vigor. The father of the criminal also sat near; he was the picture of despair. Jim whispered to his wife: "I am glad mother is sleeping the last sleep—I am glad she has been spared this ordeal."

The evidence was all in, and a case of murder had been proven. The old lawyer made a powerful plea for the defendant. He carried the minds of the jurors back to the days when Jim had tried to reform—when he had gone to Mississippi, leaving loved ones behind, in order to free himself from the snares of temptation—in order to conquer the drink demon. He told in a terrible vividness how the man Jim had killed had conspired with lieutenants of "The Resort" to rob him of his home, the "Garden of Oaks." His final plea was an appeal for mercy, and it was heart-rending.

The Commonwealth's attorney delivered a bitter speech. He accused the faithful wife of being present for the purpose of influencing the jury. He branded the defendant as the meanest murderer Kentucky had ever known, and begged the jury to give him the death sentence. He paid a high tribute to the man who had been killed, referring to him as one of the town's most progressive business men. He told of the number of houses he had built, and referred to the fact that he had, at his own expense, made new brick walks in front of his Main Street property. The closing utterance of the attorney was a bitter tirade against the defendant, referring to him as a worthless vagabond, a born murderer, a sneaking assassin, and he prayed the jurors that they give the sheriff of the county an opportunity to "hang the culprit."

During all of this display of bitterness, the wife and the defendant sat unmoved, seemingly not hearing the abusive epithets so unmercifully applied.

After some final instructions the jury filed into the deliberating room.

The court room was crowded with people awaiting the verdict. But the day wore on, and the evening came, and no verdict was returned. Most of the crowd had left the room—possibly seventy-five of the town's people remained. Nine o'clock in the evening the jury announced a verdict.

After the clerk had called the names, and the customary question had been asked each of the jurors the verdict was read:

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree and his punishment at life in the State penitentiary."

A terrible hush came over the court room. The prisoner and his little family sat motionless. Presently the ghastly, white, distorted face of the devoted wife was seen under the glare of the lamps, and hardly before the court, the spectators, or the husband

were aware she had sprung to her feet, gave one miserably sickening scream and fell to the hard floor of the court room. In an instant the husband was at her side. He tenderly placed the fainting woman on one of the rude benches, and for a pillow he put his coat beneath her head. The judge began to surge about the prisoner and his wife, but in a strange, determined voice he demanded that they "stand back," and they obeyed. Facing the Judge, Jim coolly and very calmly asked: "Your Honor, will you grant me the privilege of a few minutes' speech?"

"The court will hear what you have to say," the Judge answered:

"The verdict just returned to surprise me," began the prisoner; "I had expected it; possibly I deserve it; but, your honor, permit me to say that there are others here equally as guilty, if not guiltier than I. Within the sound of my voice are quite a number of men who are partners with me in the crime of which I stand convicted. I am the accuser! (The people expected a sensational charge, and there was an uneasy moving around among them) 'The first I accuse,' said Jim, and his voice was pitched to its highest strain, "is you, your honor!" The accusation, so forcibly and dramatically presented, created much excitement in the court room and the Judge thundered to the sheriff to take charge of the prisoner. In a few minutes order was restored, and the prisoner begged to be allowed to proceed.

Fannie murmured: "Some night in May, when the stars are out, we will be married beneath the arch of the 'Gate of Wild Roses,' and we will be happy, Jim." She was regaining consciousness. Jim quickly stepped to her side, kissed her pale lips, and whispered a few words in her ears. Then facing the Judge again, he asked, "your honor, shall I proceed?"

"Proceed," the Judge simply said: "I charge, sir, that you—whom I know to be a partner in a brewery in the city of Louisville—when you came to this little town and spent your money and used your influence to again fasten upon the people the barroom—became an accomplice to every crime committed as a result of intoxication. Your prosecuting attorney, sir, is equally guilty, for well do I remember how he, upon the side of the barroom, and I, upon the side of temperance, fought the battle at our last election. You, too, and the prisoner turned his blanched face and flashing eyes upon the man who had so unmercifully prosecuted him, shaking his long, bony finger fairly in the attorney's face, 'are a party to the murder of Joe T., and there are others in this room who are guilty!'"

(An old man in the court room clapped his hands and the Judge fined him \$10 for contempt of court.)

"I should like to proceed further," Jim said.

"In a few days you will send me to the State prison in chains. I do not expect any mercy from your court; I certainly ask for none! I may never again upon this earth know what mercy is, but when I plead my case before the courts of a just God I feel, yes, I know, that He who sees into the heart of man, will acquit me." Raising his quivering voice to its highest pitch—looking the very picture of horror it self—great drops of perspiration falling from his brow, he asked in a terrible voice: "WHAT ARE THE BAR ROOMS OF THIS TOWN GOING TO DO FOR ANOTHER JIM C—?"

Then pointing his finger at his sleeping baby boy, his whole body in a convulsive state, great veins bulging upon his forehead, his eyes strangely fastened upon the Judge, he said in a tone which sent a thrill of horror through every one present: "You, Sir, and your Commonwealth's Attorney, will help to deliver my boy into the hands of the barkeepers of this town! Ah, don't tell me that you will not! The prosperity of your brewery depends upon the appetite of the baby boys of this country." Then turning to the Commonwealth's Attorney he said: "If the appetite of my boy is not cultivated, if the appetites of other boys are not cultivated, the stock you own in this little distillery across the way will be worthless.....A few words more, your honor, and I am through."

A deathlike stillness pervaded the room. The people were anxious to hear the next accusation. But he made

none; his speech was concluded thus: "If it pleases your honor, I want to appeal to the people of this court room to put down the whisky traffic in C—! Had it not been for the barrooms of this town is there a man who doubts that I would to-night be a sober, happy man, surrounded by my little family in the 'Garden of Oaks?'"

"For the sake of the boys of your town, for the sake of boys yet unborn, I appeal to you to close the saloons of this town. In the name of the lowly Nazarine, in the name of home, in the name of womankind, in the name of all things that are sacred and precious, appeal to you to join with one another, and make a determined fight to stamp out the barroom. In the cell of my prison home I will pray to a Gracious God to help you."

CHAPTER X.

The week following Jim was taken to the penitentiary, leaving his wife lingering between life and death in the throes of another nervous collapse. The officers accompanied him to his humble home that he might tell wife and child goodbye. Fannie tried to appear "better," and feebly wished to his wife: "I will get well! And I love you, Jim—not less than I did the day you crowned me 'Queen of the May' so many long years ago!" Planting a kiss upon her brow and another upon her sunken cheek, then pressing his baby boy to his breast—then kissing his wife again, he turned to the officers and said: "I am ready."

A week passed and Fannie had received two letters from Jim. She too weak to write, but the physician wrote a note and told him her condition was better. After a few weeks he received a letter in his wife's familiar hand-writing. "For the boy's sake," he said, "I am glad she is recovering; but, oh, had she died, she would have missed a world of suffering which is yet before her."

Jim had been in prison over six months. It was now spring again. A good woman friend came and took Fannie and the little boy for a drive. They drove out by the "Garden of Oaks," but Fannie turned her head away.

As the carriage was passing through directly on the way home, and as it passed directly in front of "The Resort," the saloon owned by the late Joe T—, a man staggered out of the saloon and hailed the driver. Approaching the carriage he lifted his hat politely. He took from his pocket a sealed envelope, and without a word of explanation he thrust it into the lap of Fannie C—. Upon arriving home Fannie insisted that Mrs. H—, who had kindly given her the ride, should see the contents of the letter, and together they went into the house. The letter is self explanatory:

"A CONFESSION."

"Dear Madam—What I am about to confess will be of interest to you. On that July day your husband was thrown from his horse, there was a cause for that horse throwing him, and I know the cause. He was shot in the flank with one of these 'slingshots,' and it was done from Joe T—'s barroom. I am the man who did it, and I was hired by Joe T— to do it. That was not the first time I had attempted it either. I can not say why Joe T— wanted this done, though I have a suspicion. I had heard him say many times that he knew Jim's disposition, and that if he would only take one drink it wouldn't be two years till he would spend the 'Garden of Oaks' for whisky."

"Yours truly,"

"Bill S—."

The old attorney who had defended Jim was hastily summoned, and after he had read this letter he said: "I will go to Frankfort tomorrow." A strong petition had previously been sent to the Governor asking for Jim's pardon, and the old attorney believed that this letter would have much weight with the Chief Executive. And it did. Upon reading the confession, and again briefly reviewing the case, he wrote a pardon.

The Governor granted the old attorney the privilege of conveying the pardon to Jim, and in less than an hour after the pardon had been granted he walked out of the Frankfort penitentiary a free man.

"No; I'll not go home," Jim said, "but I will ask you to deliver a letter to Fannie."

It was in May. The moon was shedding her mellow rays over the little town of C—. A man passing down the street saw a covered wagon stand-

ing in front of Jim C—'s home. He saw a man come out and place a child in the wagon and then a woman came out of the cottage and was assisted to a seat. And he watched the wagon till it was "way out" on the old Louisville pike.

Upon the hill, near the "Garden of Oaks," the wagon halted for a moment, and then in another moment it was lost to view behind the hill which led down to the river.

And there upon the banks of the river—almost in the same spot where Jim and Fannie had so often sat and watched the moonbeams play upon the bosom of the old Ohio—the wagon halted again. Strange to say, a steam boat was plowing the waves on the Indiana shore. "This reminds me of the night you kissed me beneath the arch of the 'Gate of Wild Roses,'" said Fannie—"The night before you left for Mississippi." "And to-night," said Jim "we are leaving the old home forever! And it breaks your heart, I know, Fannie, but we must take the boy away from the stigma that his father has placed upon his name."

"No Jim, I am not sad to-night; I am happier than I have been for years. I am glad to go away!—away! I don't care where."

"We will build a new home, Fannie; in a new land far away, and we will call it the 'Garden of Oaks.'"

Jim and Fannie and their son are living in a new land, and there is but one person in all Kentucky who knows of their whereabouts—Jim's father. We know that Jim has prospered, and that he and his family are contented. More than this we know nothing.

ROGERS GORE.

LAND FOR SALE.—I desire to sell 112 acres of land, situated between Williamsburg and Walden's pike on county road. Good state of cultivation, good house, good barn, good water, well fenced, plenty lucid timber. Good tobacco land. Apply to BEN EDWARDS, Springfield, Ky.

Public Sale!

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1906.
Two miles South of Springfield on the Jintown dirt road.

Having sold my farm I will, on the above date, sell to the highest and best bidder the following described property: One good phaeton, almost new, and harness, one good runabout, three buggy and farm mares, one mare with a colt by her side, two two-year-old mares, mules, orks; twelve yearling mules—seven mares and five horse mules—two fresh milk cows, one a thoroughbred Jersey with calf by her side, extra good milk and fine butter producer; fourteen head of yearling steers, extra good; twenty sheep, 19 ewes and one buck; four racks of good timothy and clover hay and all necessary farming implements. Also some household and kitchen furniture.

Sale commencing promptly at 1 o'clock. TERMS.—On all sums of \$10 and under cash in hand, on all over \$10 a bankable note with interest from date will be required. Either bank.

H. C. NELSON.

Col. R. E. Whayne, Auctioneer.

Heartburn

You know what it is—few people are exempt from frequent attacks of this distressing complaint. The appetite becomes impaired, while a severe gnawing or burning sensation is experienced in the upper part of the abdomen. Heartburn is one of the many ways in which the digestive organs express disapproval of ill-treatment—waste you can be careful.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin (Lancette) gives instant relief in all cases of heartburn and indigestion, and because of its purity can be used with impunity for both children and grown folks.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPESIN can be obtained in both dollar and half-dollar sizes from all druggists. It does not benefit you unless it will bring by return mail our new booklet, "DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPESIN," and the money those who have never tried this wonderful remedy.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO.
Monticello, Illinois.
Sold by The Red Cross Drug Store.

Farms for Sale!

No. 1.—47 acres, 44 miles from Springfield, well watered, good land, good dwelling, good stable, blacksmith shop on farm rented, close to school house and church. Price, \$40 per acre.

No. 3.—70 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, good tobacco barn, plenty tobacco land, good water, close to school house and church. Price, \$40 per acre.

No. 4.—255 acres, three good barns, two dwellings, plenty of grass. All the farm ready for the plow. Price, \$60 per acre.

No. 5.—167 acres, seven miles from Springfield, plenty timber, oak, ash, hickory; good dwelling and barns, well-watered, one-half mile from school house and church. Good tobacco land. Price, per acre, \$15.

No. 6.—286 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, 3 tobacco barns, one stock barn, all necessary outbuildings, plenty timber, lots of good tobacco land, well-watered, well-fenced, good grass. Price, \$35 per acre.

No. 7.—175 acres, dwelling, stable, well-watered, well-fenced, whole farm tobacco land. Seven miles from town.

No. 8.—128 acres, two miles from Springfield, plenty timber, all necessary outbuildings, good grass, good dwelling and barn. Price, \$20 per acre.

No. 9.—65 acres, nine miles from Springfield, 20 acres timber, two houses, one barn that will hold ten acres of tobacco, well fenced.

No. 10.—108 acres, seven miles from Springfield, 15 acres good timber, plenty good tobacco land, good barn, fine orchard, good large dwelling. Will make fine dairy farm, on railroad. Price, \$37.50 per acre.

No. 11.—220 acres, six miles from Springfield, on good pike, 50 acres timber—oak, ash, hickory and poplar. Church and school convenient, two barns, two dwellings, telephone line, well-watered and plenty tobacco land. Price, \$35 per acre.

No. 12.—The most desirable house in Springfield. Well located.

No. 13.—A nice cottage in Springfield. Good barn with acre of ground. Cheap.

No. 14.—1500 acres, seven miles from Springfield, on good pike, 50 acres timber, two new barns, new dwelling house, plenty of fine tobacco land. 50 acres of extra good bottom land. Price, \$60.

No. 15.—30 acres, one good six room dwelling, tobacco barn, well fenced, good orchard, well watered, 25 acres fine tobacco land, most of farm in good state of cultivation, 34 miles from Springfield. Plenty good posts. \$25 per acre.

No. 16.—196 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on good pike, one 7 room dwelling, barn, in good repair; 1 good stock barn, 80 acres in blue grass, rest in cultivation; plenty of water. Price, \$30.

No. 17.—33 acres, new two story six room dwelling, barn, two good wells, an everlasting spring, well fenced, all in grass, fine tobacco land, fine young orchard. Price \$2000.

No. 18.—174 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, one good six room dwelling, on good pike, 34 miles from depot, one mile from school and church, good stock barn. All outbuildings, 60 acres bottom land, 3 rods stone fence. Price \$22.

No. 19.—275 acres, 76 acres good timber, two story nine room dwelling, two tobacco barns, will hold 20 acres tobacco; two stock barns, cow house, two tenant houses, two good wells, plenty of corn crib, fine young orchard, all kinds of fruit, well fenced, plenty of ice house, carriage house, all outbuildings new. Price \$50.

No. 20.—250 acres, nine miles from Springfield, good dwelling, two good tenant houses, two tobacco barns, two stables, 75 acres timber, fine kinds of grass, fine orchard. \$30 an acre.

Several other pieces of town property. If you want a home in Springfield I've got it at any price.

No. 21.—90 acres, good wire fence, plenty lucid posts, 4 miles from Springfield. Price \$1000.

No. 22.—121 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, good barn, young orchard, fine mineral spring, plenty of water. Price \$15 per acre.

No. 23.—139 acres, 1 good dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, hold 15 acres of tobacco, one barn new; 1 mile from Maud, one half mile from school, some timber, fine tobacco land, well fenced, plenty of water. Price, \$35 per acre.

No. 24.—166 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, on good pike, one 9 room dwelling, in good repair; 2 tobacco barns, 1 stock barn, 1 corn crib, ice house, hen house, meat house, cabin, 25 acres of bottom land, fence in good repair. Price, \$60 per acre.

B. D. Lake, Springfield

By W. T. Ewing, Real Estate Agency, Harrodsburg, Ky.

150 acres, 7 room house, 5 miles of Burgin, at \$45 an acre.

101 acres, 2 miles Harrodsburg, well improved, at \$65 an acre.

200 acres, fine farm, near McAfee, 25 acres walnut woods, at \$70.

240 acres, near Vanarsdall R. R. Station, at \$40, (exchange).

207 acres, finest farm at Burgin, well improved, at \$100 an acre.

191 acres, fine farm, on pike, near Salvia, splendidly improved, at \$60, (exchange).

113 acres, in 5 miles Harrodsburg, on Salt River, 35 acres bottom land, at \$71.

100 acres, 2 miles Vanarsdall R. R. Station, well improved, orchard, etc., \$2200.

100 acres, 3 miles Burgin, well improved, good land, at \$45 an acre.

216 acres, on pike, 3 miles McAfee R. R. Station, good farm, improved, at \$40.

77 acres, at limits Harrodsburg, cottage, barn, etc., \$4000, (exchange).

60 acres, good land, near McAfee, well improved, \$4000.

100 acres, on pike, 6 miles McAfee, near Rose Hill, well improved, \$2500.

232 acres, fine land for any crop, near Shakerstown, on pike, at \$86.

121 acres, 2 miles of Burgin, well improved, good land, at \$45.

198 acres, 1 mile Salvia, fine farm, well improved, a bargain, at \$7.50.

54 acres, 5 miles Harrodsburg, near R. R. station, improved, \$1900.

93 acres, near Rose Hill, well improved, at \$25 an acre.

313 acres, fine farm, 90 acres just out of woodland, mostly fine bottom, handsomely improved, at \$20 an acre.

74 acres, close to pike, all in grass many years but 20 acres, \$4000.

54 acres, near Rose Hill, 6 room house, other improvements, \$1620.

55 acres, 2 miles Harrodsburg, handy pike, fine land, at \$100 an acre.

212 acres, fine tobacco farm, well improved, in Woodford county, on pike, at \$45.

152 acres, in Woodford county, on pike, fine tobacco land, at \$55.

122 acres, in Washington county, well improved, 2 miles of Mackville, \$3000.

MU with new machinery, dam needs rebuilding, water all year, \$1500.

Many other properties. Write me.

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A NEW LINE OF MEN'S UP-TO-DATE FURNISHINGS JUST RECEIVED. THE LATEST PATTERNS IN COLORED SHIRTS. ALL SIZES IN WHITE SHIRTS. NEWEST SHAPES IN COLLARS. ATTRACTIVE NECKWEAR. ALL THE NEW STYLES IN HATS. GIVE US A CALL.

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SPRINGFIELD SUN

Wednesday, August 15, 1906.



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HON. J. P. HOPSON, OF ELIZABETHTOWN,
HARDIN COUNTY.
CIRCUIT COURT CLERK.
ROBERT NOE

A Letter From Mr. Johnson.

Bardstown, Ky., August 14, 1906.—
Mr. H. A. Humphrey, Chairman of the Anti-Saloon League of Nelson County, Bloomfield, Ky.—Dear Sir:—I have your communication of yesterday asking me to state my position upon the question of "Local Option" in Nelson county. I recognize the right of every man, and especially of every large number of men banded together for the accomplishment of any lawful purpose, to have an expression from every man who is a candidate before the people for executive or legislative office as to the position occupied by him upon any question of public policy in which the individual voter or a collection of voters may be interested.
Therefore, I answer your communication by saying that I have, upon every occasion since I arrived at the age of twenty-nine years, when the question was submitted to a vote of the people of this community, voted in favor of "Local Option" and that I intend to vote likewise upon the question at the election to be held in this county on September 1, 1906, and at any other time in the future when the question may be submitted to a vote in a district where I am entitled to a vote.

Yours truly,
Ben Johnson.

Would Rather Die.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8.—After stating that he took his life rather than again earn his living by selling liquor, Ernest Steinhardt, fifty-seven years of age, whose home is supposed to have been at 225 West Eighth street, New York City, committed suicide today by morphine. Steinhardt was formerly a traveling salesman for a Kentucky whisky house, but resigned at the request of his wife.

Subscribe For The Sun. \$1.00 year.

HAPPY HOLLOW.

Mrs. M. C. Keeling spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Sabe Coulter. Born to the wife of J. M. Montgomery, on the 8th, a girl.

Mr. Oscar Shewmaker, of Louisville, is the guest of friends here.

Mrs. S. H. Crook and Miss Jessie Noel spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Loomis Wall.

There was a ball game at Willsburg Saturday afternoon between the married and single men. The former won by the score of 4 to 2.

Mr. M. C. Keeling and family visited his parents at Brooksville Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Lynn Armstrong and wife attended meeting at Glencreek Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Hellum Keeling spent Sunday here.

Mr. George Cutsinger, wife and children visited the latter's brother, Mr. John Armstrong, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. L. N. Dean and son, George, visited relatives at Tatham Saturday and Sunday.

There will be a meeting at this place Sunday.

Mr. Joe Noel and Miss Hattie Settles attended meeting at Glencreek Sunday night.

Miss Jessie Noel spent Saturday with Misses Maud and Eva Inman.

SLEPT ON THE TRACK

And a Fast Train Ran Into Them.

Barboursville, Ky.—Near Gray, nine miles south of here, William Helton was instantly killed. A Sevier fatally injured and an unknown man slightly hurt at an early hour, a fast freight running into the party while they were asleep on the track. The accident occurred on a sharp curve, a few hundred feet from a tunnel, and the train, going 40 miles an hour, rounded the curve and ran into the sleeping men before they could be awakened. The three men had started from their homes to this city. All were of prominent families, and the accident has created wide interest.

Receiver Appointed.

Henderson, Ky.—An order was filed in the circuit court appointing the Ohio Valley Banking and Trust Co. as receiver of the Henderson City railway. The receiver is directed to take immediate possession of all the property of the company, its rights, franchises, assessments, assets and incomes, and will employ such labor as to properly operate the lines.

He Wants a New Nose.

Louisville, Ky.—David Allan, a stock trader of Hustonville, Lincoln county, was brought to St. Joseph's infirmary to undergo a surgical operation. An attempt will be made to grow a new nose to take the place of the original, which was bitten off by John Baugh, who fought with Allan over a cattle transaction.

Drowns in Squall.

Norfolk, Va.—O. Kerkow, of Covington, Ky., was caught out in a small boat in Hampton Roads in a terrific thunder squall. His companion escaped by swimming, but Kerkow was caught underneath the sail and could not extricate himself.

Daily Herald

AND SUN \$2.00

WANTED
2,000,000
BOYS!

"Have you a boy to spare? The saloon must have boys or it must close its doors. Can't you furnish one? It is a great factory and unless it can have 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material some of these factories must close up and the operators be thrown out upon a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys shall it be? Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this great institution that is helping pay your taxes and kindly electing public officers for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to contribute more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep saloons open to grind up boys and doing nothing to keep up the supply? Ponder these questions, ye voters, and answer them to God, to whom you will one day give an account for votes as well as prayers. Certainly if the mill runs the grist must be provided, but at what a cost! Whose boy shall it be, neighbor, yours or mine, that must serve as the grist for the mill? Whose boy shall it be, neighbor, yours or mine, that we'll offer as a sacrifice to the God of the wine cup? Whose boy shall it be, neighbor, yours or mine that sooner or later must fill a drunkard's home and a drunkard's grave.—J. BENTON F. in LaRue County Herald.

In Great Demand.

The demand for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy here has been so great that I have scarcely been able to keep it in stock. It has cured cases of dysentery here when all other remedies have failed.—FRANK JONES, Pikeville, Ind. This remedy is for sale by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.

SPARROW.

R. N. Vowels sold several head of cattle to P. L. McKinnin at 22 cents per pound.

Jas. Richardson sold to Sweeney Calvert one steer weighing 920 pounds at 22 cent per pound; also ten lambs at 6 cents.

W. C. Cramack sold to Sweeney Calvert one sow and seven pigs at \$25.

Owen Crossfield sold to Wm. Murphy one sow and pigs for \$16.
The school at this place has been closed for the past week on account of the death of Mr. James V. Leathers, which occurred at Madera, Cal. The body was brought to Lawrenceburg for interment. Mr. Leathers was a brother-in-law of Miss Langford, the teacher at this place.

Mrs. Moore and daughter, Miss Lena, spent Thursday with W. R. Moore and family.

Mrs. Allie Barnett spent a few days with her son, Dr. W. T. Barnett, of Mackville.

Revs. Allen and Lowen closed a series of meetings at New Liberty last Sunday evening, when they had been holding for the past two weeks. There were thirty-six additions to the church. The time for the local option election is drawing near and we hope the county will go dry by a large majority. We are proud to see The Sun make the fight for local option.

LOCUST GROVE.

Mr. G. H. Ballard, of Corbin, Ky., is visiting friends at this place.

Mrs. Nannie Bobbitt, of Lebanon, is spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. A. L. Litsey.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Hunsate, of Willsburg, spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. S. Leachman.

Mrs. Ora Merritt, who has been very sick, is much improved.

Mr. Henry Reid and wife spent Sunday at Tatham.

Misses Fanny Litsey, Sue and Bertha Edgerton spent Friday night with Miss Sue Reid.

Mrs. E. J. Wilson is visiting at the Grundy Orphanage.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Murphy, of Corbin, a fine boy. Mrs. Murphy was formerly Miss Katie Ballard, of this place.

Mesdames Ella Finch and Sallie Ewing, of Danville, are the guests of Mrs. Lucian Gregory.

Miss Mattie Tobin, of Texas, is spending the week with Miss Tiny Reed.

Mr. Will Smith is very ill with fever. Mrs. Garland Thompson, of Louisville, is with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Alice Thompson.

Miss Nellie Reid, of the Orphanage, spent several days last week with the family of John Leachman.

SPEAKING DATES

The Following Announcements Are For Washington County.

Texas, Tuesday 7:30 p. m., J. D. Reid and others.

Pleasant Grove, Wednesday 11 a. m., J. D. Reid and others.

Battle, Wednesday 7:30 p. m., J. D. Reid and others.

Brush Grove, Thursday 7:30 p. m., J. D. Reid and others.

Polin, Friday 7:30 p. m., J. D. Reid and others.

Mackville, Tuesday 7:30 p. m., C. L. Collins and others.

Pleasant Grove, Wednesday 1:30 p. m., C. L. Collins and others.

Willsburg, Wednesday 7:30 p. m., C. L. Collins and others.

Mt. Zion, Thursday 7:30 p. m., C. L. Collins and others.

New Hope, Friday 7:30 p. m., C. L. Collins and others.

Rockbridge, Wednesday 7:30 p. m., C. T. Cunningham and Rev. Geo. Hamilton.

Mackville, Thursday 7:30 p. m., C. T. Cunningham and Rev. Geo. Hamilton.

Hillsboro, Friday 7:30 p. m., C. T. Cunningham and Rev. Geo. Hamilton.

COLORED SPEAKINGS.
Prof. F. L. Williams will address the colored church at Pleasant Run colored church Sunday August 19th at 2:30 p. m.

Mackville, Sunday August 19th, 7:30 p. m., Prof. F. L. Williams.

Litsey, Monday August 20, 7:30 p. m., Prof. F. L. Williams.
Springfield, Tuesday, August 22 7:30 p. m., Prof. F. L. Williams.
White people are also invited.

Rightfully Burned.

Chas. W. Moore, a machinist, of Ford City, Pa., had his hand rightfully burned in an electrical furnace. He applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the usual result: "a quick and perfect cure." Greatest healer on earth for Burns, Wounds, Sores, Eczema, and Piles. 25c at C. J. Haydon druggist.

Subscribe For The Sun. \$1.00 year.

DESTRUCTION

Wrought By Rain Last Sunday Night.

On last Sunday night, Long Run, the north fork of the little Deep, Deep Creek and Prathers creek, got wild. The rainfall was the heaviest that the oldest inhabitant ever saw. The rain fell in torrents. For two hours, fencing, bridges, water gates and the Long Run bridge were swept away as if they had been straw. John M. Coyle suffered much damage and Will Kimberlin's buggy and saddle were washed out of his barn and ruined. The flood extended into Boyle and Mercer counties.

While God has poured out from His hand the pure waters of heaven, may he save us from the destructive effects of alcohol that the "evil one" has poured out upon us so long.

We are glad to report our friend, Willie Coyle, who has been sick with typhoid fever so long, much better.

The local optionists will hold a meeting at Long Run school house on next Saturday night. Bro. Charles Pope will lead the meeting.

Rev. H. P. Hatchett is assisting the pastor in a meeting at Deep Creek church.

Boys, the local option fight is on, let every one stand at his post, no time to falter now.

CANDIDATES

KICKING

And May Withdraw From the State Primary.

Frankfort, Ky.—There was a persistent rumor here that after the meeting of the democratic state executive committee next Saturday and the expense of the primary has been fixed, two or three candidates for state office will withdraw and give as a reason that the assessment on each candidate is too burdensome. Who these candidates are could not be learned, but it was also stated that these same candidates would urge the committee to call the primary off and if they failed in this would withdraw. The estimates of the cost of the primary are increasing, and now it is unofficially announced that it will be over \$45,000. The political situation is likely to take on a different aspect after the meeting of the committee, and the question of who is the administration or who controls the state organization will be definitely settled. Just now there seems to be doubt in some quarters as to who may be termed the "administration candidates," and doubt as to which of the state officials are entitled to be known as "the administration," the latter term usually being employed in speaking of those in control of the democratic state organization.

A Healing Gospel.

The Rev. J. C. Warren, pastor of Sharon Baptist Church, Belair, Ga., says of Electric Bitters: "It's a Godsend to mankind. It cures me of lame back, stiff joints, and complete physical collapse. I was so weak it took me half an hour to walk a mile. Two bottles of Electric Bitters have made me so strong I have just walked three miles in 50 minutes and feel like a new man. It's made a new man of me." "Greatest remedy for weakness and all Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at C. J. Haydon's drug store. Price 50c.

Unnecessary Expense.

Acute attacks of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery come on without warning and prompt relief must be obtained. There is no necessity of incurring the expense of a physician's service in such cases if Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is at hand. A dose of this remedy will relieve the patient before a doctor could arrive. It has never been known to fail, even in the most severe and dangerous cases and is family should be without it. For sale by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.

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NELSON COUNTY

Local Option Speakings

Nelsonville, August 14, 2:30, Chas. Anderson and P. L. King.

Boston, August 14, 7:30, Chas. Anderson and P. L. King.

Fairfield, August 14, 2:30, W. R. Anderson and A. C. O'Rear.

Cox's Creek, August 14, 7:30, W. S. Maxwell and A. N. Whittinghill.

Howards town, August 16, 2:30, Chas. Anderson and A. C. O'Rear.

Russell school house, August 16, 7:30, W. S. Maxwell and Morgan Yewell.

High Grove school house, August 17, 2:30, W. R. Anderson and Morgan Yewell.

Cox's Creek school house, August 17, 7:30, W. R. Anderson and Morgan Yewell.

Plum Run, August 17, 7:30, Chas. Anderson and W. S. Maxwell.

Bloomfield, August 18, 2:30, W. R. Anderson and P. L. King.

Botland, August 18, 2:30, J. W. Campbell and Rev. Coakley.

Green's Chapel, August 18, 2:30, Chas. Anderson and A. C. O'Rear.

Bloomfield, August 19, 11 a. m., G. L. King.

W. Young, D. D.

Bardstown, August 11, 7:30, G. W. Young, D. D.

Howardstown, August 30, 2:30, G. W. Young, D. D.

New Hope, August 21, 2:30, G. W. Young, D. D.

Russell school house, August 21, 7:30, A. C. O'Rear and Rev. Davis.

Samuels, August 22, 7:30, P. L. King and Morgan Yewell.

Nelsonville, August 22, 2:30, W. A. Burns.

Boston, August 22, 7:30, W. A. Burns.

Botland, August 23, 2:30, W. R. Anderson and Chas. Anderson.

New Haven, August 24, 7:30, Morgan Yewell and W. A. Burns.

Samuels, August 25, 7:30, W. R. Anderson and Chas. Anderson.

Mt. Zion church, August 25, 3:00, P. L. King.

Russell school house, August 28, 2:30, C. L. Collins.

New Haven, August 28, 7:30, C. L. Collins.

Haltown, August 29, 2:30, C. L. Collins.

New Hope, August 29, 7:30, C. L. Collins.

Nelsonville, August 30, 2:30, C. L. Collins.

Boston, August 30, 7:30, C. L. Collins.

Time will be divided with anyone desiring to represent the saloon and present its merits, if it has any, to the public.

Unnecessary Expense.

Dr. J. M. Burton, RESIDENT DENTIST. Teeth Extracted With- out Pain. CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First
class. Springfield, -- Ky.
Office in Hagon Block, up stairs.

Local News Notes.

On next Sunday morning Rev. Williams will preach on "Christian Citizenship."

If you want to buy a good farm read the list offered for sale by B. D. Lake.

Lost.—In Springfield last Friday night a gold watch—lady's size. Return to Sun office. Reward.

When you want a picture framed remember I make frames to order.
G. B. TAYLOR.

Jailor George Catlett caught a five-pound cat-fish this morning—and his bigger in his mind than the Fair.

On Saturday morning, August 25, there will be a prayer meeting at the Springfield Baptist church. All friends of local option are very cordially invited to be present.

WANTED.—100 good hands to work on road. Apply to
GEO. T. CLEMENTS,
Road Supervisor.

STABLE FOR RENT.—I desire to rent the stable on my place in Springfield. It is a good building and has two stalls and a carriage house.
Mrs. JNO. W. LEWIS.

The Anti-Slavery Committee for the Potomac Valley, will hold a meeting at Long Run school house Saturday, August 18th, at 7:30 p. m. Let as many as possible attend.

A little child of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kiddle died last Friday and its body was buried the following day in Nelson county. The father and mother have the sympathy of all in the loss of their little one.

Senator J. W. Newman, of Woodford county, candidate for the agricultural nomination for Commissioner of Agriculture, was here Tuesday. He is an excellent gentleman and while in town made quite a favorable impression upon all he met.

On last Monday the one-year-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Lawrence died after a brief illness. Its body was interred the following day in Cemetery Hill. Condolence is extended to the bereaved parents.

NOTICE.—The undersigned firm having dissolved partnership, all persons knowing themselves indebted to us are requested to make settlement at once. The books of the firm can be found at Robertson & Claybrook's office.
Respectfully,
ROBERTSON BROTHERS.

DEATH OF MRS. SMITH.—Mrs. W. K. Smith died at her home on St. Rose place last Friday, August 10. Burial took place the following day at St. Rose. She leaves a husband and infant child to mourn her loss. The Sun extends sympathy to the bereaved ones.

ANKLE BROKEN.—Mr. Ben Haydon fell from a tobacco barn last Friday morning and broke his left ankle. While the break is not considered a serious one it is very painful, and will keep Mr. Haydon on crutches for several days.

NOTICE.—Mr. H. B. McElroy having disposed of his interest in the firm of McElroy Bros. all persons indebted to the firm are requested to settle their accounts at once. Call upon W. D. McElroy at McElroy & Shadler's grocery.
McELROY BROS.

RAIN STORM.—On last Friday night the heaviest rain storm ever known in Washington county visited the Mackville and Texas sections. Much damage was done to growing crops and land was considerably washed. Along the creek fences were swept away. Our Long Run correspondent gives an account of the storm.

Rev. J. W. Gordon, of Louisville, who has been in the county on a visit to relatives, delivered a temperance speech at Texas one night last week, which is said to have been one of the best heard there during the campaign. Mr. Gordon is a fluent speaker, and may be depended upon when he is announced for a speech upon any subject that something of interest will be well said.

ATTEND THE
PICNIC AT PLEASANT
GROVE AUGUST 22.

THE FAIR HOP.—The Springfield Hop Club will give its Annual Fair Hop on Friday evening of this week. The Winchester band will furnish the music. It is believed that this will be the prettiest dance ever given here. Quite a number of visitors are already here to attend the fair, and, of course, will attend the hop.

THE FAIR.—The Washington county Fair opens today under conditions which are unusually encouraging, and notwithstanding the rain of last evening and the indications for more rain fall this morning, the people began coming into town early. The greatest fair in the history of the association is predicted.

THE NELSON COUNTY FAIR.—The fair at Bardstown, beginning Wednesday September 5, and ending Saturday September 8, will be better than ever before. The ring and floral hall premiums have been largely increased. \$350 is offered in the Sweepstakes Roadster ring, and \$175 is offered in the Sweepstakes saddle ring. Many other large premiums are offered in other and numerous rings which will bring many fine horses. The beautiful grounds, good music and other interesting attractions will make a pleasant day for those who attend.

DEATH OF MOTHER AND CHILD.—Mrs. Bod Rogers passed away at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. Ed. Drago, on Thursday at about 5 o'clock. A few months ago Mrs. Rogers was taken ill with tuberculosis and her decline has been very rapid—her death having been expected for some weeks. The funeral services were conducted at the Baptist church by Rev. Wm. H. Williams. She leaves a husband and infant child.

At the time of the mother's death the baby, Marion Rogers, was very ill, and on Monday morning also died. To the bereaved father and husband, The Sun wishes to extend sincere sympathy.

A public lawn fête will be given in the High School grounds on Wednesday, August 23rd, from 3 p. m. to 11 p. m. The proceeds from which will be used to purchase a piano for the primary department. Refreshments will be served and vocal and instrumental music furnished throughout the evening. The lawn in front of the building will be beautifully decorated. It is hoped that it will be generously attended by young and old as the proceeds are to be used in a worthy cause. [Under the modern methods, music is a necessary part of the school course, being indispensable in the primary grades, and all first class schools have a piano in this department. It is for your children and you have an opportunity to help and encourage them in this way and at the same time to spend a pleasant evening. Miss Emma Nunan will direct the arrangements.]

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEVITIES

The Toledo (O.) sun trust and the railroads failed to be back of it will be investigated by the federal authorities.

Congressman J. W. Babcock has formally announced his candidacy for renomination and issued a public statement.

Prosecutions are about to be commenced by the state of Kansas against the alleged miller and lumber companies of Kansas.

The navy department has ordered a court of inquiry to determine the responsibility for the grounding of the collier Nero on Block Island.

Messrs. T. J. Mueller and George Holden, of Cleveland, O., and Springfield, Mass., left San Francisco on a transcontinental motor cycle trip to New York.

Former Senator James K. Jones of Arkansas denied that he in any manner represented the Standard Oil company when he visited the president at Oyster Bay.

Commander-in-Chief James Tanner, of Washington, is in Minneapolis at his headquarters, and the fortieth annual national encampment of the G. A. R. has informally opened.

Charles P. Thurston, who was killed in San Domingo, is a son of C. E. Thurston, of St. Paul. C. E. Thurston is storekeeper in the United States customs warehouse.

After being in session for more than a week the wage and executive committee of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers' association adjourned without taking definite action on a wage scale.

W. H. Denny, former mayor and prominent banker of Williston, N. D., was convicted on a charge of receiving stolen horses, and sentenced to serve three years in the penitentiary. A stay of 60 days was granted.

Dr. George Bailey of Philadelphia resigned as international treasurer of the executive committee of the International Sunday School association. F. A. Wells, of Chicago, was unanimously elected as his successor.

Judge Peter T. Palmer released on bail H. L. Doherty, Frederick Williams, J. Cook, Jr., and George N. Nordway, who were in jail by order of County Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey, of Denver, on the charge of contempt.

C. T. Wells, former vice president of the J. P. Baden Produce company, of Winfield, Kan., was arrested at Arkansas City on a charge of perjury in swearing to a false statement of the condition of the company on June 20, 1904.

MISS HAYDON'S PARTY

Last Friday evening the young people of Springfield were entertained at one of the most charming social events ever given in Springfield. The occasion was a Japanese tea, the hostess, Miss Mary Haydon, and the guests one hundred and fifty of the younger set of Springfield, Lebanon and Bardstown, with the exception of one or two, who dressed as American aborigines, the guests were dressed in Japanese style. The young ladies dressed in their kimono and carried Japanese fans and parasols. Likewise the decorations of the Haydon house and lawn carried out the Japanese effect, the soft light of the Japanese lanterns lending enchantment to the scene and making every nook where, no doubt, blushing maidens listened to sweet nothings of love and numerous boys had fidelity sworn to them. Be this as it may, and we are only guessing, the whole scene was beautiful and animated and the host of guests voted it grand.

During the latter part of the evening the guests, seated Japanese fashion on Japanese mats, partook of a delightful collation which was temptingly served.

Among the out-of-town guests were: Misses Graves, Wilson, Booker and Wathen and Messrs. Wilson and McShane.

CORRECT MARKET REPORTS.

Springfield Market

Racon.—Hams, 15c; sides, 12 1/2c; Boeswax—26c per pound.
Butter—15c to 20c per pound.
Eggs—10c to 12c per dozen.
Dried apples, 5c per pound.
Ducks—8c per pound.
Cure Meat—75c to 80c per bushel.
Rags—10c per dozen.
Feathers—45c per pound.
Wheat—\$2.00 to \$2.10.
Oats—\$1.50 to \$1.60.
Lard—11c per pound.
Mill products—Bran 80c; shipstuffs, \$1.00 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes—Country, 75c.
Onions—\$1.40 and \$1.50 per barrel.
Turkeys—40c per pound.
Tallow—4c per pound.
Vinegar—20c to 25c per gallon.
Wool—Barry and greasy, 14c; clear of grease, 20c; raw washed, 25c.
Country hams—40c to 50c.
Coke—50c a ton.

Grain, Provisions, Etc.

Chicago, Aug. 11.
FLOUR—Easy. Spring wheat, special brands, \$1.20; Minnesota, hard patent, \$1.00; 25c; straight, export, \$1.00; 25c; clear, export bags, \$1.00; 25c; WHEAT—Firm. September, 75¢; 10¢; May, 74¢; 10¢.
CORN—Easy. September, 60¢; 10¢; May, 59¢; 10¢.
OATS—Weak. September, 30¢; 10¢; OATS—Weak. September, 30¢; 10¢; December, 29¢; 10¢.
BUTTER—Steady. Creamery, per lb., 18¢; 10¢; 18¢.
EGGS—Firm. Fresh eggs, at market, new cases included, 15¢ per dozen; prime fresh, extra, 15¢.
LIVE POULTRY—Steady. Turkeys, per lb., 12¢; chickens, fowls, per lb., 11¢; ducks, 10¢; 10¢.
New York, Aug. 11.
FLOUR—Dull and lower to sell. Minnesota patent, \$1.00; do. bakers, \$1.00; 25c; winter, patent, \$1.00; 25c; straight, \$1.00; 25c; do. extra, \$1.00; 25c; do. low grades, \$1.00; 25c.
WHEAT—Firm. September, 75¢; 10¢; December, 74¢; 10¢; May, 73¢; 10¢.
RYE—Nominal. No. 2 western, 60¢; c. f. New York.
The grain market was dull and without transactions.

Live Stock

Chicago, Aug. 11.
CATTLE—Dull to fancy steers, \$5.00 to \$6.00; common to good steers, \$4.00 to \$5.00; inferior to common steers, \$3.00 to \$4.00; western range steers, \$4.00 to \$5.00; good to fancy cows and heifers, \$3.00 to \$4.00; good to choice, \$2.00 to \$3.00; fair to choice feeders, \$1.50 to \$2.00; good to choice beef cows, \$2.00 to \$3.00; fair to choice stock, \$1.50 to \$2.00; bulls, common to good, \$2.00 to \$3.00; bullock to choice, \$1.00 to \$2.00; calves, fair to good, \$1.00 to \$2.00; calves, good to choice, \$1.00 to \$2.00.
HOGS—Good to choice butchers, \$5.00 to \$6.00; good to choice shipping, \$4.00 to \$5.00; good to choice heavy packers, \$3.00 to \$4.00; rough and heavy packers, \$2.00 to \$3.00; light mixed, \$1.00 to \$2.00; fair to fancy light, \$2.00 to \$3.00; good to prime heavy, \$3.00 to \$4.00; good to choice pigs, \$1.00 to \$2.00.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 11.
CATTLE—Market steady. Native steers, \$4.00 to \$5.00; cows and heifers, \$3.00 to \$4.00; western steers, \$4.00 to \$5.00; Texas steers, \$2.50 to \$3.50; cows and heifers, \$2.00 to \$3.00; canners, \$1.50 to \$2.50; stockers and feeders, \$1.00 to \$2.00; calves, \$1.00 to \$2.00; bulls, \$1.00 to \$2.00; and steers, \$1.00 to \$2.00.
HOGS—Market steady. Lower heavy, \$5.00 to \$6.00; mixed, \$4.00 to \$5.00; light, \$3.00 to \$4.00; pigs, \$1.00 to \$2.00; bulk of sales, \$2.00 to \$3.00.
SHEEP—Market strong. Yearlings, \$5.00 to \$6.00; ewes, \$4.00 to \$5.00; lambs, \$2.00 to \$3.00.

Summer Diarrhoea in Children.

During the hot weather of the summer days the first unnatural looseness of a child's bowels should have immediate attention, so as to check the disease before it becomes serious. All that is necessary is a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy followed by a dose of castor oil to cleanse the system. Rev. M. O. Stockland, pastor of the first M. E. Church, Little Falls, Minn., writes: "We have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for several years and find it a very valuable remedy, especially for summer disorders of children." Sold by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.

Subscribe For The Sun. \$1.00 year.

Men's 75c Shirts Special 55c

Men's 50 Cent Underwear
39c

Men's 25 Cent Tan Socks
15c Pair

Men's 50c Elastic Seam Drawers Special 39 Cents

WILSON & CO.
BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town. A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Miss Sadie Mayes is visiting Miss Anna Fig Brown, of Lebanon.

—Miss May Kelly, of Louisville, formerly of this place, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lulu Kelly.

—Miss Annie Cooper, of Louisville, is visiting relatives at this place.

—Mr. C. C. McChord is in Winchester this week.

—Mr. Jim Thompson, of Indianapolis, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Alice Thompson.

—Miss Bessie Tucker, of Bloomfield, is visiting Mrs. M. W. Hyatt.

—Miss Marnie Duer, of Louisville, is visiting at the home of Mr. Ben F. Hyatt.

—Mrs. T. B. Blanford, of Pineville, is visiting her mother at this place.

—Mrs. J. E. Carrico, of Howards-town, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Clements, of this place.

—Miss Pearl Comer, of Fredericktown, and guest, Miss Mary Sisco, of Bardstown, spent Friday here.

—Mr. Will Wharton, of Louisville, is spending his vacation with his parents at this place.

—Misses Lillie Gordon and Mary O'Malley, of Louisville, are at Walker Heights.

—Miss Marie Maloney, of Louisville, is visiting relatives here.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Wharton are spending this week at Tatham.

—Miss Catharine Hamilton, of Lebanon, is the guest of Miss Eleanor Clements.

—Miss Sarah Pontrich and brother, Sam, are spending the week with Mr. Johnnie Greene and family.

—Miss Eta Graves, of Shelby county, is visiting at the home of Mrs. Mary C. Ragdale.

—Hon. W. W. Stephens, of Harrodsburg, is here to attend the fair.

—Mrs. E. W. Rosehart, of Louisville, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Allen.

—Miss Sue Ray is spending this week in Bloomfield.

—Mr. T. C. Ewing, of Danville, is the guest of Mr. L. M. Gregory.

—Mr. Theo. Campbell has returned home after a trip to Crab Orchard.

—Mrs. Will Davis and son, of Louisville, are visiting at the home of C. W. Noe.

—Miss Fannie Wall has returned home after an Eastern trip.

—Mrs. J. P. Clark, of Louisville, spent the first of the week at Mrs. James Webb, at Maple Valley.

—Judge W. E. Sealeman and wife and E. Carl Litsey and wife have returned from Tatham Springs, where they spent the past week.

—Marshall Duncan, C. T. Cunningham and W. D. Claybrooke attended the Misses Brown's reception in Lebanon Wednesday evening.

—Mr. T. C. Campbell has returned home after a several days' stay at Crab Orchard.

—Mr. H. H. McChord was in Louisville one day last week.

—Mr. J. C. Clements was in Louisville one day last week.

—Mr. J. S. McElroy attended the Harrodsburg fair last week.

—Miss Florence Lyne has returned to her home in Lexington after a visit to Misses Eunice O'Nan and Frances Martin.

—Mr. Charles Haydon attended the Harrodsburg fair last week.

—Miss Margaret McElroy, of Kansas City, is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McElroy, of this place.

—Miss Jennie Wathen, of Owensboro, is visiting relatives at this place.

—Mr. W. D. Claybrooke and Miss Sue Ray were in Lebanon Tuesday.

—Mr. T. S. Mays spent Thursday in Louisville.

—Mr. Marvin Hardesty, of Louisville, is visiting his parents, Mr. Polin, and his brother, Tom, of this place.

—Dr. J. S. Snook has returned from Washington, D. C.

—Miss Fannie Smith attended the Harrodsburg fair Saturday.

—Mr. Tom McShane, of Louisville, is the guest of Mrs. Lulu Kelly.

—Mrs. J. C. Willitt has returned home after a visit to relatives in Bardstown.

—Miss Mollie Dorsey has returned home after a visit to her brother, Will, of Louisville.

—Miss Althaire Melley is visiting Miss Kelly, of Louisville.

—Mr. Evening, of Louisville, is the guest of friends here.

—Mr. G. E. Melley spent several days with his family at this place.

—Misses Edjoe and Gertrude Shadler and Fannie Smith spent Friday at Fredericktown.

—Miss Katherine Green, of Louisville, is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Shader.

—Miss Viola Brown has returned home after a visit to her brothers, Jim and Beve, of Indianapolis.

—Sister Louise Robertson spent Saturday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Robertson, at this place.

—Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe, of Harrodsburg, are the guests of Mrs. Hugh Noe.

—Miss Elise Durrett entertained a few of her friends at dinner Tuesday evening. Those present were: Misses Pearl Claybrooke, Frances Martin Bessie Tucker, Bessie Roberts and Graves, Messrs. Perry Marks, Evan Hagan, Clifford and Johnnie Roberts.

—Hon. W. D. Claybrooke has returned from a trip through Southern Kentucky, where he had been in the interest of Hon. Hubert Vreeland, who is a candidate for Secretary of State. Mr. Claybrooke says Mr. Vreeland's race looks easy.

MOORESVILLE

Mrs. Bettie Boblett is on the sick list.

A protected meeting will commence at New Hope church Sunday, August 19. Rev. Smith, of Louisville, will assist the pastor.

Several from here will attend the fair this week.

Born, on Saturday, August 11, to the wife of Pleas Carrier, twin boys.

Uncle George Yeocum is seriously ill of the infirmities of old age.

Mr. Dan Yeocum, of Anderson county, has been the guest of his brother Mr. N. H. Hobitt, Mrs. Bogness and Dr. Shehan are getting along nicely.

Mr. Will Scott died August 10th, at Early Times, of typhoid fever. Interment the following day in Mt. Zion cemetery.

REMEMBER

We are ready at all times to give you a reduction in the prices of goods for

--CASH--

We have found that the Cash Sales we have been conducting during the summer have been very satisfactory to all concerned.

Grundy & McIntire.

STORY OF LOVE AND MURDER REVEALED BY HERMIT'S DEATH

Queer Character of Whom Little Was Known, Dies in Montana Cabin—Kills Rival in Germany and Flees to America.

Twin Bridges, Mont.—Letters and papers discovered in a rusty old tin box hidden beneath a board in the floor of a little old weather-beaten, dilapidated miner's cabin clinging to a mountainside not far from here tell one of the strangest stories that has come to light in this region in many years.

The story is of an eccentric old hermit who died in the cabin in which the papers and letters were discovered. The name of this hermit was Roscoe Overhardt. For years before he died Overhardt lived alone in the little old cabin and wandered over the mountainside hereabout in quest of game and gold.

It was always supposed by those who knew him, or rather by those who saw him, for no one hereabouts knew him, that Overhardt was mentally unbalanced and that he was extremely poor. In the twenty odd years that he made his home in the little old cabin on the mountainside he never spoke of his own free will to any person, never raised his eyes to look into those of a man or woman with whom he met face to face and never bought groceries or clothing at a store in Twin Bridges or any other town in this part of Montana.

The furniture in the one room of his cabin was of the meanest sort. The clothing upon the old man was shabbier than the furniture in his cabin. A dog was the hermit's only friend and companion. For the dog he seemed to cherish with warm affection, while the faithful animal's love for him was well-nigh human in its tenderness and constancy.

The strange, silent old man fell ill a few weeks ago in his shabby little cabin on the mountain side and could not leave his bed thereafter. No one knew he was ill until the day he died, when a prospector, happening to pass that way, stopped at his door to ask for a drink of water and found him dying. Before a doctor could be reached the hermit went to his final rest.

A careful search of the dead man's cabin brought to light a rusty tin box containing a few gold coins and the letters and papers which tell in part the story of his life before he came west to spend his declining years in loneliness.

Roscoe Overhardt was born in Germany, according to the story these letters and papers tell. His father was a well-to-do merchant in Berlin and he gave his son a university education, intending him to adopt the profession of medicine. In his student days young Overhardt paid court to pretty Katherine Meller, and finally won her consent to marry him.

Katherine Meller had had another suitor before she met Overhardt. His name was Matthew Schoenfeldt, and he belonged to a dignified family at Frankfurt. Schoenfeldt fell into a high passion when he learned of Miss Meller's engagement to Overhardt, sought out the girl's accepted lover and picked a quarrel with him. In the quarrel Overhardt stabbed Schoenfeldt, who died of his wounds soon afterward revealing the identity of his slayer.

Overhardt, well-nigh crazed with grief, went immediately to his sweetheart and confessed his crime to her. She begged him to flee to the United States, promising to join him in this

country as soon as he should send her to come to him.

The death of Schoenfeldt was still shrouded in mystery, so far as the police and relatives and friends of the dead man were concerned, when Overhardt left Germany and fled to Paris. He remained in Paris a few weeks and then went to London, whence a few weeks later he came to the United States.

He sought and obtained employment in New York under an assumed name, but, fearing that the mystery surrounding Schoenfeldt's death might be cleared up and that he might be discovered and arrested there as his slayer, he set out for the west. He



IN THE QUARREL OVERHARDT STABBED SCHOENFELDT.

spent a few weeks in Cincinnati, being attracted there by the large German element in the population. Then he went to Louisville, where he remained several months. From Louisville he went to St. Louis and from St. Louis to Milwaukee. He remained in Milwaukee six months.

Meanwhile he was writing regularly to and receiving letters regularly from his sweetheart in Germany. He told her that he should send for her as soon as he should settle down and be able to support her and himself in comfort.

On coming to this state he began prospecting for gold, and within a year he struck a rich lead. Thereupon he dispatched a letter to his sweetheart, begging her to come to him at once.

She answered his letter, saying that because of the illness of her mother she could not leave her home. A few weeks later he received another letter from her, saying that her mother was better but that for other reasons she could not then come to the United States to join him. Apparently realizing finally that his sweetheart did not intend to join him, Overhardt ceased writing to her and abandoned hope.

He disposed of his mine several months after he received his last letter from his sweetheart and, coming to this region, built the little cabin on the mountainside in which he spent the rest of his miserable life. It is believed that in his loneliness and his grief his mind finally became deranged and that he recognized, by the fortune which the old man realized from the sale of his gold mine is a mystery.

AERONAUT BRAVES SEA AND STORM IN BALLOON AND LIVES

Is Rescued Far Out in Ocean After Being Buffeted by Winds and Twice Drenched by the Waves.

Boston.—After being buffeted by a thunderstorm, twice ducked in the ocean and spending the night in the car attached to his balloon, James K. Allen, a veteran aeronaut, was rescued off Block Island by the crew of

Allen started from Providence at noon. It was raining at the time and soon the lightning was playing about the big gas bag. There was something wrong with the anchor rope, and Allen let out enough gas to bring the balloon to earth. The trouble was righted, ballast was thrown out, and the balloon shot into the air to such a height that the aeronaut was able to look down and see the storm raging far below.

The wind was blowing from the west, and at dark Allen found himself over the tip end of Cape Cod and being rapidly carried out to sea. The balloon sank lower and lower, and Allen drifted rapidly at a height of 100 feet above the water, the anchor rope trailing through the waves and retarding the progress. Twice the car was dashed into the water, but each time Allen threw over ballast and the balloon rose.

At daybreak no land was in sight. The captain of a tug towing a string of barges heard Allen's cries for help, and gave chase, but the balloon was going too rapidly, and soon the sea was left behind.

Several hours later Allen came near the schooner. The vessel started toward him, but failed to reach the drug rope in time. Members of the crew were out in dories, however, and one of them managed to seize the rope. The dory was dragged through the water at a great rate for a time, but Allen let out gas and managed to step from the car attached to the balloon to the dory without getting his feet wet.

In spite of his thrilling experience Allen retains his nerve, and says he is ready to make another ascension.

NOTICE Of Election

WASHINGTON COUNTY COURT.

State of Kentucky,
Washington County, } Set.
July 23, 1906.

W. N. Keeling, and others, on petition.

ORDER.

It appearing to the Court that W. N. Keeling, and fourteen hundred and sixty six (1466) others, all of them being citizens and legal voters of Washington county, Kentucky, did in open court on Monday, June 25, 1906, the same being the regular June term of the Washington County Court, present to one Judge of said Court a written petition signed by a number of legal voters in each of the twelve precincts of Washington county equal to and exceeding 25 per cent. of the legal voters in each of said precincts that went east at the last preceding general election in said county, to-wit: November 1905, and equal to and exceeding 25 per cent. of the legal voters of said county who cast their votes at the said last election, requesting that an election be held in this county on Saturday, August 25, 1906, on the proposition whether or not spirituous, vinous or malt liquors shall be sold, bartered or loaned in Washington county, and that in the event the majority of the voters cast in said election shall be against the sale, barter or loan of such spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, that the provisions of the local option law and prohibition shall also apply to druggists, it is, therefore, now

ORDERED by the Court that the sheriff of this county be and he is hereby directed to open a poll at each and all of the voting precincts in Washington county on said Saturday, August 25th, 1906, between the hours of said day prescribed by law for holding elections for county and State officials, to take the sense of the legal voters of said county who are qualified to vote at elections for county officers on the proposition whether or not spirituous, vinous or malt liquors shall be sold, bartered or loaned in Washington county, and in the event a majority of said voters shall vote against the sale, barter and loan of such liquors, the provisions of the local option law and prohibition to apply to druggists and said sheriff in the execution of this order will do and perform all the duties imposed upon him by law in the premises.

It is further ordered and directed by the Court that the proper and duly appointed election officers in each of the precincts of Washington county, who embrace all or any portion of a city in said county of the fifth or sixth class (there being no cities of any other classes in Washington county) do assemble at the usual and customary voting places in their respective precincts on the 25th day of August, 1906, between the hours prescribed by law for the registration of voters in such cities and said election officers will then and there receive and register in manner as provided by law the names of all legal voters in such cities as may be entitled to vote at such elections on Saturday, August 25, 1906, and whose names have not already been recorded in the registration books on the last registration day and the clerk of this court will provide the election officers with all the necessary books and other equipments to hold this special registration. The said W. N. Keeling and others have deposited with the Judge of this court the sum of \$25.00 which is adjudged by the court as an amount sufficient to cover the necessary printing and advertising and the fees of the County Court Clerk.

Copy Attest.
W. F. BOOKER, Clerk.

The Yellow Fever Germ
has recently been discovered. It bears a close resemblance to the malaria germ. To free the system from disease germs, the most effective remedy is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Guaranteed to cure all diseases due to malaria poison and constipation. See at C. J. Haydon's drug store.

Chamberlain's
Colic, Cholera & Diarrhea Remedy
Almost every family has need of a reliable remedy for colic or diarrhea at some time during the year.

This remedy is recommended by dealers who have sold it for many years and know its value. It has received thousands of testimonials from grateful people. It has been prescribed by physicians with the most satisfactory results.

It has often saved life before medicine could have been sent for or a physician summoned.

It only costs a quarter. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? BUY IT NOW.

Dr. W. F. Trusty,
Practical
Dentist,
SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Dental work at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.
Office over Hayden & Barber.

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Life, Fire and Accident.

Old Massachusetts Mutual, always reliable and the best dividend-paying company in the world. Your insurance solicited.

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DR. J. H. LAMPTON. DR. J. C. MUDD.
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OFFICE OVER C. J. HAYDON'S DRUG STORE
Office Hours: 12 M. to 2 P. M.

Dr. J. H. Hopper,
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Office in Haggen Block—Up stairs.

Phones: Residence, 71; office, 97.

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NURSE
TELEPHONES:
Day, 49. Night, 109.

T. SCOTT MAYES,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

C. C. McCHORD,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in all State and Federal Courts.

W. D. CLAYBROOKE,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the courts of Appeals.

W. E. SELECMAN,
ATTY-AT-LAW,
Springfield, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Washington and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

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"Will go anywhere." Terms reasonable. Phone 84.

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Will draw Mortgages, Deeds and Contracts.
All kinds of pension business a specialty. Have been in the business for thirty-five years.

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TUMEY & RILEY.
LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE.
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Nice Outfits For Traveling Men.
Phone 18.

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To know if there is anybody who does not know that the SPRINGFIELD LUMBER CO. carries a complete line of everything you need when you do any new building or repairing. For instance

Cement of all Kinds
Roofing of all Kinds
Brick and Lime
Fly Screens and Screenings
Windows, Doors and frames
Rough and Finished Lumber

Anything in the building line is in our stock.

Springfield Lumber Co.

L. and N. Railroad Time Table.

Incoming Trains.

	Sun'y only No. 91.	Daily, No. 43.	Daily No. 41.
Arrives at Springfield.....	8:25 p. m.	12:40 p. m.	7:56 p. m.
Arrives at Bardtown.....	7:35 "	11:50 a. m.	6:06 "
Arrives at Bardtown Junction.....	6:50 "	9:56 "	5:22 "
Leaves Louisville.....	6:00 "	7:30 "	4:30 "

Outgoing Trains.

	Daily No. 42.	Sun'y only No. 90.	Daily No. 44.
Leaves Springfield.....	5:25 a. m.	7:15 a. m.	1:00 p. m.
Leaves Bardtown.....	6:12 "	8:30 "	2:20 "
Leaves Bardtown Junction.....	6:55 "	8:45 "	4:10 p. m.
Arrives at Louisville.....	7:45 "	9:35 "	5:45 p. m.

THE SUN AND

Both papers 17c
Bryan's Commoner.....\$1.75
Weekly Courier-Journal.....1.50
Weekly Louisville Herald.....1.25
Nashville American.....1.50
Weekly Cincinnati Enquirer.....1.75
Weekly Atlanta Constitution.....1.75
Semi-Weekly St. Louis Republic.....1.75
Democrat.....1.75
Thrice-a-Week New York World.....1.75
Home and Farm.....1.25
American Agriculturist.....1.75
American Epitomist.....1.50
American Farmer.....1.50
Breder's Gazette.....2.25
Country Gentleman.....2.00
Farm and Fireside.....1.75
Review of Reviews.....3.25
Lippincott's Magazine.....2.50
Scribner's Magazine.....4.00
Lodge Monthly.....1.75
Harper's Magazine.....4.35
Harper's Weekly.....4.35
Sunny South.....1.50

Chaplin Water
Power Roller Mills
MAKES THE
BEST FLOUR
THE FINEST MEAL

In Springfield and many other sections of Washington county our brands are sold. Buy them and get THE BEST.

D. B. SUTHERLAND,
CHAPLIN, KY.

CLUBBING RATES
—WITH—
LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville Times one year.....\$5 00
The Sun and the Daily Courier-Journal (except Sunday).....6 40
Same including Sunday.....8 20
The Sun and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week.....3 70
The Sun one year and the daily Courier-Journal any three days in the week, six months.....2 30
The Sun and the Sunday Courier-Journal one year.....2 80
The Sun and the Louisville daily Herald one year.....3 00
The Sun and the Louisville Evening Post one year.....4 00

YOU NEED IT
SALVE
CURES

You need it Salve manufactured by Dr. J. W. Thomas, Hodgenville, Ky., is one of the very few salves which absolutely cures piles. As an evidence of its wonderful curative properties, Dr. Thomas now has on file in his office 1426 testimonials, coming from people who have been cured or greatly benefited by the use of this Salve. This is a new salve, having been on the market about one year and the 1426 testimonials come as a result of the sale of 2546 boxes.

For Sale By All Druggists.

DR. J. W. THOMAS,
Hodgenville, Ky.

The Daily Herald
AND
The Sun
ONE YEAR
\$2.00

CASH for COAL

In the Future I will Do a Cash Business, Allowing Liberal Discounts.

Ahead on Coal



when the coal is purchased here. We do not raise prices on every rumor of a miners' strike or a block on the railroads. Not until the actual cost to us advances do we charge more, and then the increase is a fair one.

WANTED!

all Kinds of Feed Stuff

I AM CONSTANTLY IN THE MARKET FOR OATS, HAY, CORN AND ALL FEED STUFF. WILL PAY THE HIGHEST PRICES.

I PAY HIGHEST PRICES FOR HIDES AND FURS.

"I PAY CASH."

M. H. JONES.

"Split Your Coal Bill."



"Easy said, but how?" We sell coal and give coal advice. Advice is cheap but coal costs money. Why not then buy that superior quality we deal in? It goes farther, costs no more and heats better. If that isn't an inducement, there isn't any. We've told our story and up to you to buy coal of us and save money.

SWIMS 30 MILES TO ESCAPE DEATH

REMARKABLE FEAT OF A HAWAIIAN FISHERMAN.

IN WATER NEARLY 17 HOURS

Boat Capsized in Squall and His Three Companions Perish—Is Nearly Driven Mad by Gruesome and Awful Experience.



Honolulu. H. L. Edward Duvau chelle, of Molokai, is the hero of a most remarkable story of human courage and endurance and of a marvelous escape from death. The fact that he was one of the team that represented the national guard of Hawaii at the rifle shooting at Sea Girt, N. J., last fall will perhaps add some interest to the tale of his thrilling experience.

Monday night, May 28, Duvau chelle, who is a fisherman, living at Pukoo on the southern coast of Molokai, with three native Hawaiians as companions left home in a whaleboat, with a load of fish for Lahaina, Maui, about 12 miles away. They arrived there safely, sold their fish and about eight o'clock started in a dead calm to row back. A light breeze sprang up and they boated sail, making the sheet fast. A sudden squall captured them before they could ease off the sheet. The boat became waterlogged and began drifting out to sea. They were at the time a mile or two from Kaana

pell landing, Maui. They made a float with four oars and the mast and with this to help them, two of the natives, at their own request, started to swim ashore to get help.

After waiting their return for three hours in vain Duvau chelle and his remaining companion, Dan Pawa, came to the conclusion that the two men had failed to reach shore, and as the whaleboat was drifting still farther out to sea they decided that they would themselves attempt to reach the shore by swimming. They made a float of the boom and gaff and all that was left of the boat's gear and started. The current carried them in the direction of Napili and they were able to gradually make their way toward the shore. When within half a mile of it they discovered, to their consternation, that the current was setting against them and that in spite of all their efforts they were drifting farther away—this time in the direction of Molokai, which seemed to them to be about ten miles distant. They there fore made up their minds to swim toward the shore of that island. They seemed to be making considerable headway and by sunset were as near as they could judge by the line of breakers on the reef, four or five miles from the shore.

They had moonlight until nearly midnight, when the moon set. By this time Dan Pawa was becoming exhausted and could barely keep himself afloat. Thereupon Duvau chelle gave up the boat to him entirely, placing him on the middle of it and he himself swam without the assisting buoyancy of the float. When about 500 yards from the shore of a little rocky islet, about a mile from the Molokai coast, Pawa was overcome, with exhaustion, and bidding Duvau chelle good-by dropped from the float, sunk and never rose. Duvau chelle succeeded about an hour later in reaching the reef and dragging himself, wounded and bleeding, beyond reach of the waves, where he fell asleep from exhaustion, not awakening until past noon the next day. Then he swam to the Molokai shore a mile away and made his way home.

When he started on his swim he had taken off his shirt, as it was a hindrance in swimming, but had kept his trousers on, so that the white skin of his legs would not attract the sharks which infest these waters. He was terribly tormented while in the water by small crabs which fastened themselves to the skin of his chest and clawed and bit him almost to madness. He was in the water nearly 17 hours and swam a distance of between 25 and 30 miles.

Duvau chelle is of French and Hawaiian parentage, 38 years old, tall and powerfully built. In many respects Duvau chelle's experience is

without a parallel, although there have been several somewhat similar occurrences in these waters, the comparatively narrow channels between the islands of Molokai, Lanai and Maui tempting many to cross in whaleboats and other small craft.

Twenty Reasons Why You Should Oppose the Saloon.

EXCHANGE.

1. It never builds up manhood but tears it down.
2. It never beautifies the home, but often wrecks it.
3. It never increases one's usefulness, but lessens it.
4. It never allays the passions, but inflames them.
5. It never stills the tongue of slander, but loosens it.
6. It never promotes purity of thought, but poisons it.
7. It never empties almshouses and prisons, but fills them.
8. It never protects the ballot-box, but defiles it.
9. It never makes happy families, but miserable ones.
10. It never prepares one for heaven, but for hell.
11. It never prompts to right doing in anything, but to wrong.
12. It never diminishes taxes (with all its revenue), but increases them.
13. It never renders the Sabbath quiet, but desecrates it.
14. It never protects our property or personal safety, but endangers them.
15. It never helps one to get a good insurance policy on his life, but militates against it.
16. It never creates ambition and thrift, but invites laziness, profligacy, poverty, idleness and crime.
17. It never builds up the church, but peoples the station house, prisons and chain-gangs.
18. It never refines character nor promotes Christian grace, but is a destroyer of the soul.
19. It never teaches honesty and uprightness, but incites the incendiary to apply the midnight torch.
20. It never protects a man, but robs him of his money, his family happiness, his good name, his hopes and all endowments of life.

Subscribe For The Sun. \$1.00 year.



SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

There's a skeleton in the house Whenever strong drink is there; It may hide inside the cupboard Or wait behind the chair; But it seldom leaves the homestead Till it drags at least one victim Down to death or deep disgrace. When it's welcomed by the husband, On the grief it brings the wife; Oh, the peace that it will banish; Oh, the appetite for strife; Oh, the anguish of a mother, When her husband's taken to drink; Till he leaves the drink more dearly Than all in the world beside. 'Tis the sorrow of the children, For it steals the father's love; And it leads his footsteps downward— Not to holy thoughts above; Oh, then, who would not excite it As a thing that's nothing worth? Be banished from the homestead, From our country— from the earth! —National Advocate.

NURSING AND TEMPERANCE

Great Temptation Thrown in the Way of the Nurse to Indulge in Drink.

Every nurse knows that most wards in her hospital would have an empty look if all the victims of alcohol in some form or other were weeded out, says the London Hospital. Every district nurse sees that one of the chief barriers to even the poorest leading clean and self-respecting lives is their habit of spending far too large a proportion of the week's earnings in intoxicants. And in the houses of the well to do, in spite of "three bottle men" having departed with the change in national habits, the private nurse sees that many of her patients are suffering, directly or indirectly, from alcoholism. Only those who have done the work know how much inducement there is to the private nurse to drink. We do not say temptation, for it is not a temptation to one in a hundred, but there is the perpetual invitation to drink. It continually happens that the first greeting at a new house is: "Won't you have a glass of something before you go upstairs?" and a "little drop of brandy, after such a nasty job" was a daily suggestion to a young nurse after finishing a dressing that had to be repeated several times a day. Two nurses, in charge of a severe case of pneumonia in a suburban hotel, found a bottle of whisky in the bedroom of the elder, but, as they remarked afterwards: "Nurse So and

So was put off with a bottle of port; I suppose they thought her a little too young for spirits!"

REFORM JOTTINGS.

The man who clothes the rum-seller's wife in silks and his own wife in rags ought to be put in the stocks.—National Advocate.

In a Swedish army order soldiers are instructed not to drink spirits on the march. Chocolate cakes are said to produce thirst, while oranges and tea are considered most refreshing.

Some one has figured that the economic loss through the non-productivity of 10,000 drunkards for ten years is equal to one Chicago fire, involving \$200,000,000.

It is said that not an employe in the great distilleries in Peoria, Ill., is allowed to drink any whisky. A proof that liquor sellers and makers appreciate the degrading effects of the article. What other business is there that prohibits the men engaged in it from using their own product?

Showing One's Colors.

The superintendent of a seaman's mission says that one of his young sailors, who had signed the pledge and worn the white ribbon, had to enter a hospital later on. The physician, prescribed brandy; but when he saw the ribbon he changed the medicine, saying: "I can give you something that will take the place of it; I never mean to do anything that will rouse a dormant appetite if I can help it." Such an emblem, like the badges of certain organizations, is a positive safeguard. "You'll often be laughed at after you put on this uniform," said Gen. Booth on one occasion to a company of the Salvation Army, "but you'll not often be tempted. All the devil run from a soldier who shows his colors."

Less Whisky Being Consumed.

For the first time in almost a decade the annual report of the United States commissioner of internal revenue shows a decline in the amount of whisky consumed in this country. That is a hopeful sign, especially when taken in connection with the fact that the increase in consumption last year was considerably less than the average yearly increase since the close of the last period of industrial depression.—Hot Truth.

Novel Temperance Society.

A novel temperance society has been formed in the city of Berlin for the purpose of rendering timely assistance to drunken persons. On meeting a drunk in the street it will be the duty of a member of the association to prevent him from imbibing any more liquor, to protect him from the dangers of the street, and to escort him, if possible, to his remarked afterwards: "Nurse So and

home. If a conveyance has to be secured for this purpose, it will be done at the expense of the society.

A little farm well tilled, A little wife well willed; Here good effects can all be killed. By a little corn diminished.

Luckiest Man in Arkansas.

"I'm the luckiest man in Arkansas," writes H. L. Stanley, of Bruno, "since the restoration of my wife's health after five years of continuous coughing and bleeding from the lungs; and I owe my good fortune to the world's greatest medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which I know from experience will cure consumption if taken in time. My wife improved with first bottle and twelve bottles completed the cure. Cures the worst coughs and cures or money refunded. At C. J. Hayden druggist, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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Nervous Worn-Out

If you are in this condition, your nerve force is weak—the power is giving out, the organs of your body have "slowed up," and do their work imperfectly. This failure to do the work required, clogs the system and brings distress and disease. When the nerves are weak the heart is unable to force the life-giving blood through your veins; the stomach fails to digest food; the kidneys lack power to filter impurities from the blood, and the poisonous waste remains in the system to breed disease. Nerve energy must be restored. Dr. Miles' Nerve will do it, because it strengthens the nerves; it is a nerve medicine and tonic, that rebuilds the entire nervous system.

"Several years ago I was all broken down, was nervous, was sick, did not sleep, and was in constant pain. I doctored for months, but nothing for me. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nerve, and I became strong and healthy, and now I am a well-to-do man."—J. C. COLEMAN, JR., 108 Elmwood Ave., Birmingham, Ala. Dr. Miles' Nerve is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that your first bottle will benefit. If it fails, he will refund your money. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

GOBEL'S FRIEND.

Claude Desha, Was Found Dead on the Porch of His Home.

Cynthiana, Ky.—Claude M. Desha, candidate for the democratic nomination for congress in the Ninth District, was found dead sitting on the hall steps at his home. It is supposed Mr. Desha was taken suddenly ill and started for the front porch to get air, and, being exhausted, fell and expired. At the coroner's inquest a verdict was rendered that Desha's death was caused by apoplexy. Mr. Desha had been identified with politics in Kentucky for 20 years and stumped the state in several democratic campaigns. He and the late Gov. Goebel were warm personal friends, and it was Mr. Desha's testimony in trial against Gov. Goebel for killing John Stanford that brought about her acquittal. Mr. Desha's wife died about five years ago, and he leaves a daughter about ten years of age. Claude Desha was a son of Gen. Lucius Desha and a grandson of Gov. Joseph Desha, and a brother of Judge Lucius Desha, of Newport, and brother-in-law of Hon. H. C. Duffy, of this county.

SWEETHEART

Tries To Aid Her Fighting Lover and Is Fatally Pounded.

Richmond, Ky.—Jefferson and Jas. Freeman, brothers, engaged in a fight, at Bybeeeton, with clubs. Miss Roberts, a sweetheart of James Freeman, rushed in to separate the men and was attacked by Jeff. It is alleged, who struck her over the head with a club, and wounded her so badly that she will die. Officers from here arrested Freeman, who while en route to jail made a break for liberty. The officers opened fire, and killed him six times. He surrendered after being badly wounded in the face.

ALLEGED LETTER

To Old Sweetheart From His Wife Published by the Late Spouse.

Fulton, Ky.—C. G. Parker, a young business man of this city, who married Miss Rosa Thomas, a Fulton girl, three months ago, created a sensation by causing to be published in the local paper a love letter from his young wife to her old sweetheart, alleged to have been written by her a few days ago. Before the publication of the article he had closed his place of business and departed for parts unknown, after making threats to kill both his wife and the alleged lover.

BY NEGRO WOMAN

Kentucky Girl Claims To Have Been Robbed of a Diamond.

New York.—Miss Gertrude Claire, of Lexington, Ky., who has friends at No. 128 West Ninety-fourth street, complained to the West side court that Carrie Lillian Smith, a negro woman, had stolen a diamond ring, which, besides being worth \$1,000, was valued because it had belonged to her grandmother. The negro woman was held in \$1,000 bond.

LOUISVILLE TOBACCO.

Louisville, Ky.—The total sale of tobacco at all warehouses numbered 345 hhds of burley and 61 hhds of dark. At the Ninth street warehouse 28 hhds of burley sold at prices varying from \$7.20 to \$11. Twenty hhds of dark were sold at the Pickett warehouse at from \$4.50 to \$5.50.

JAMES SEEMS DECIDED.

Frankfort, Ky.—Congressman Ollie James, who has just returned from Europe, passed through here on his way to his home. He said he had not decided whether he would run for governor, and would make no decision till he had an opportunity to consult his home people.

KENTUCKY SOLDIER KILLED.

Austin, Tex.—Private Jess Cantala, 22, who lived at Morganville, Ky., First United States Artillery, was shot and killed in the military maneuvers at the camp of instruction here. The accident was due to a loaded cartridge in the hands of some unknown man among the opposing troops.

Senator Hickman Critically Ill.

Owensboro, Ky.—A message from Owensboro, Ky., to Senator George W. Hickman is in a critical condition, and his death is expected at any hour. Senator Hickman has been ill in health ever since the adjournment of the last legislature.

TO ANSWER FOUR CHARGES.

Lexington, Ky.—John England, a young white man arrested a few days ago by Patrolman Sloan, will be taken to Bell county to answer four charges of horse stealing and obtaining money under false pretenses.

TO PAY THE SOLDIERS.

Frankfort, Ky.—The war department at Washington notified Assistant Adj. Gen. Parrent that \$17,500 had been placed to his credit as paymaster to defray the expenses of the state encampment, which is to be held at Henderson.

NEWSPAPER MAN INJURED.

Louisville, Ky.—Leonard Sherry, a newspaper man, and Roman Leuchman, policeman, had an altercation over newspaper articles. Humphrey was knocked down and severely injured.

HOW TO BELIEVE PAIN.

An easily made poultice for sharp pain in side, etc., may be made from vaseline and mustard in the proportion of two parts vaseline and one part mustard. Mix together and spread on a piece of muslin as one would spread an ordinary poultice.

KEEP AWAY DANGEROUS AND UNDESIRABLE.



For people who know the responsibilities of a secretary of the president. The public has no idea of the diplomacy that he has to practice to keep dangerous and undesirable people away from the chief executive. In this feature of his work the secretary is assisted by the uniformed police and the plain clothes secret service men who are to be found in the ante-chamber at the White House offices. It is very rare that any scenes are enacted, but once in awhile people denied admission to the president are inclined to make a fuss. Where one of these cases is noted in the public press there are 50 that never get publicity.

Not long ago a United States senator who has been disposed in times past to criticize the manner in which strangers are scrutinized at the White House sent a woman there with a letter of introduction to the president. She was admitted into Mr. Loeb's office, to whom she talked in the wildest sort of manner and displayed a mass of papers containing crazy propositions and wild schemes.

She said she was commended of God to lay before the president. It required all his nerve and diplomacy to get the woman out of the office and out of the building, and he then notified the United States senator that the woman was insane.

"I didn't know the woman," said the senator, "but she belongs to one of the best families in my state, and so I gave her a letter of introduction to the president."

Do you realize that a good deal of responsibility would have been upon your shoulders if that woman had got in to see the president and in an insane moment had done him harm?" asked Mr. Loeb.

"Well, I guess that is so," rejoined the senator in an apologetic tone. "I had not looked at it in that way, but I will not blame you in the future for overlooking her."

A SCHEME TO IMPROVE THE HUMAN RACE.



The agricultural department has done a good deal in the way of improving the breeds of horses and cattle, destroying the mosquitoes, making two blades of grass to grow where one grew before, and achieving success along lines that are calculated to benefit the whole country, but now there is a proposition on foot that throws all the governmental experiments of the past into the shade. Prof. Willis M. Hayes, assistant secretary of the department, has a scheme to improve the human race by the careful selection of parents of future Americans. The success that has attended the breeding of animals has called attention to principles that Prof. Hayes thinks can be usefully applied, of course in a lawful, legitimate way, in the development of man.

Just what plan Prof. Hayes will evolve he does not explain, but if society can be brought to a standard where fathers perfect physically, mothers perfect, in the same degree can be guaranteed the highest human development can be reached. His scheme involves the mating of none but the best types of men and women. There is a good deal of sport made in this proposition by Mr. Hayes, and a good deal of curiosity felt as to what scheme he will propose in a pamphlet which he will soon prepare on the subject.

SECRETARY TAFT'S SYLPH-LIKE FORM.



Secretary of War Taft is a happy man. After five months of dieting and strict physical exercise he has reduced his weight, and to-day only weighs 250. He started in on a course of training shortly before New Year's, with the fixed determination to acquire a sylph-like form that would not be over 250 pounds. Through all the season of feasting in Washington, when his social duties compelled him to attend a big course dinner nearly every night, he heroically abstained from rich foods and ate nothing but crackers and light meat. He indulges in a good square meal once in awhile, but keeps in mind the consequences of food that will of starch and other fattening materials.

Mr. Taft took a special course of dieting, exercising and massaging under the direction of an expert who had been recommended to him by Senator Spooner. Mr. Spooner's muscles would allow no departure from his strict discipline. Mr. Taft, the latter obeyed implicitly, every order, both as to dieting and calisthenic exercises. He did a great deal of horseback riding, which aided materially in taking off the superfluous fat. The secretary is contented with his weight of 250 pounds, although he would not object to taking off 10 or 15 more, but he will not make special efforts in that direction. His severe training began in the summer of 1905, when he did not intend to return to full feeding at once, but will vary his diet with an occasional full meal and hopes gradually to get back to normal condition as regards eating without affecting his weight.

Mr. Taft is a great walker and always takes that exercise in going to and from his office, besides taking long strolls through the fashionable part of the city when time will permit it. He and Senator Lodge, Attorney General Moody, Col. Edwards and President Roosevelt do a great deal of horseback riding together.

GLEE CLUB OF HARRODSBURG

To Attend the Picnic at Pleasant Grove Next Wednesday

AUGUST 22, 1906.

Don't fail to Attend this Picnic. Speaking Throughout the Day.

SINGLE-HANDED.

A Schoolgirl Fought a Mad Dog and Shot the Animal Dead.

Sandlick, Ky.—Single-handed Miss Sarah Blair fought a mad dog at her home in this country. The dog was standing at the gate when she started to enter and pushed through after her. She had not noticed that the animal was mad and started to drive it out of the yard, when it attacked her. She seized the animal by the back of the neck and held it so that it could not bite until she secured a revolver which was in the house. She then dragged the dog into the yard and pushing it from her shot it. The first shot had no effect on the dog, which kept trying to bite her, and she had to fire four times before she finally killed it. Miss Blair is a schoolgirl and has been highly complimented for her bravery.

LONG DISTANCE GRAMOPHONES.

A gramophone which, it is said, can be heard at a distance of three miles is a late invention.

Morgan's Men to Meet. Carlisle, Ky.—The remnants of Gen. John H. Morgan's command will meet at Park Hill assembly grounds, near this city, August 14 and 15. Senator J. B. McCrory has been invited to speak and a large attendance is expected.

Jean Goes Free. Louisville, Ky.—Superintendent Andrew Stonecipher, of the Harrison county (Ind.) almshouse, has released Jean Audley, the mysterious woman concerning whom so much has been written in the few weeks.

May Probe Her Death. Hopkinsville, Ky.—In the inquest on the body of Mrs. Wirt Berry, the coroner's jury recommended that the next grand jury investigate her death. It is alleged that her husband struck her a few days after she had given birth to a child.

Barber Examiners. Lexington, Ky.—The state board of barber examiners is holding the annual examination of barbers here. The work is being done by William F. Brown, of Covington; John H. Root, of Paducah, and John Young, Louisville.

How to Cure Senile Dementia. Brain trouble, especially accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific against senile dementia. It is deduced from Epstein's investigations on the influence of color on the blood vessels in the brain. Senility is due to lack of blood in the brain, while red sends blood to the brain with a rush. By looking at one point for some time through the red glasses the patient is rapidly cured.

"Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

There is a lesson in the work of the thrifty farmer. He knows that the bright summer sun will last but a day and he prepares for the showers which are so liable to follow. So it should be with every household. Dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera morbus may attack without warning of the house without warning. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which is the best known medicine for these diseases, should always be kept at hand, as immediate treatment is necessary, and delay may prove fatal. For sale by every reliable dealer in the Blue Grass.

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Don't fail to see our gasoline engine display during the Fair. We will have on display the following makes:

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Also on display Ohio Feed Cutters and New Highland Crushers.

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Investigation

shows that many good watches are spoiled by tampering. No matter how little you suppose is the matter with yours, better HAVE ME FIX IT.

A whole lot of damage can be done by those who are not acquainted with the delicate mechanism. We know watches and can repair them as they should be. Bring me yours if it doesn't go just right.

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SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Under this head all persons who are subscribers to The Sun may insert free of charge advertisements of what, where, and when (and farm products, stock, etc., for sale or wanted. Land for sale or for rent not included, but inserted in another department of the paper at very low rates.

Pius Fenwick, Springfield, Ky., has for sale two good jacks and two good mares.

J. L. Cheatham, Mooreville, has for sale 14 head stock hogs that will weigh 100 pounds.

R. W. Clements, Rt. 2, has for sale extra clean seed wheat.

Die Riley, Route 4, has for sale a good male sheep—4-years-old.

W. H. Leachman, Springfield, has for sale an extra good steer horn bull, also two registered Jersey bull calves.

R. L. Clements has for sale one yearling south down buck.

Die Riley, Route 3, has for sale four shoats, thoroughbred Polin China. Three females one male.

E. A. Wheatley, Route 2, has for sale an extra good steer horn bull.

Sherman Martin, Springfield, has for sale a black mare with mule by her side; one good steer calf, eight geese and a good sow and pigs.

B. J. Cecil, Route 2, has for sale a young Duroc buck—thoroughbred.

B. B. Waters, Springfield, has for sale a good Jersey cow.

J. D. Sutherland, Springfield, Rt. 3, has for sale 1000 30 inch lambs.

Benedict Clements, near town, has for sale a lot of oak lumber.

A Very Low-Price Sale!

We have just received a large shipment of summer skirts for Women and Misses, which, owing to the late season, we must sell at and below cost.

Skirts From 95c to \$1.95

75---75 SUITS

For men, Youths and Children will be sold regardless of cost prices.

An extra large line of Men's, Ladies', Misses and Children's shoes at very low prices.

A Lot of 50c Shirts at 20c

All of the above goods arrived from New York too late consequently they must be sold at a sacrifice price.—BELOW COST.

Shrager Brothers.

(In Opera House Building.)

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Reduced Rate Excursions to Cerulean, Dawson and Grayson Springs, Ky., California and Colorado.

Extremely low round trip Rates to points in Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas, on the first and third Tuesday of each month.

Excursion rates daily to Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Through personally conducted Excursion Trips, Louisville to California, Arizona and Texas.

Full particulars addressing F. W. HARLOW, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

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